

The WAR CRY

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

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CHARLES SOWTON, Commissioner



CHEESE CHEESE

THE "POTS"
will
soon be on
the streets,
and much will
depend upon
the way they are
treated.

CHEESE CHEESE

CHEESE CHEESE

YOUR GIFTS
will
make Christmastide
a glad season
for many who
are less
fortunate than
their fellows.

CHEESE CHEESE

"If Thou Knewst the Gift, and Who?" By Colonel Brengle

Is there any one so old or jaded or world-weary that he has no interest in the gifts that are lying in loving ambush for him on Christmas Day? And the children, how eager are they! How their eyes gleam and dance with expectancy as the time for the distribution of gifts draws near! How they hop and skip and gurgle and giggle and hold their breath and wiggle and wonder all agog with excitement and desire! What secrecy has enshrouded the household for weeks! What mystery! What plots! What whisperings! What knowing and sly glances between those who are in the secret! How we look forward to the day, prepare for it and rejoice not only to receive but to give, and get more joy out of giving than receiving! Blessed day!

But how indifferent men are to the gifts God has for them! He is the great Giver. He giveth wisely, freely, lavishly, magnificently, and men are indifferent to His gifts! Our gifts on Christmas Day are usually of little value and are quickly forgotten. But God's gifts enrich us forever, and, received and cherished, they multiply. Our gifts compared to His are as our little fireworks on the Fourth of July compared to His lightnings that flame and blaze across the sky, or the march of suns that light up worlds.

Give a man a handful of silver or gold and that is all. But let God give him an acorn and He has given him locked-up forests from which some day you can build cities to house millions, and ships to sail all oceans and seas.

Give him diamonds and that is all you have given, but let God give him a few grains of wheat and he has received the germs of harvests that may feed multitudes and nourish nations yet unborn! Oh, what a Giver is God! Bless His holy name forever!

Some gifts of God are constant and unsought. He does not wait for our asking. Sunshine and fresh, sweet winds and changing seasons, green fields and starry skies, rippling brooks and rushing rivers, life-giving fountains, song birds, rain and snow—these are His gifts, though we may ignore Him and live as though there were no Heavenly Father.

The sun does not ask if it may shine upon us with its warmth and cheer, but silently, resistlessly, it rises and floods all the heavens and earth with its radiant and beneficent glory. It is God's good gift. "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good." It is His sun, and He gives it to us without our asking and regardless of our character. How good God is! How quickly the earth would freeze, what darkness would enshroud us, what horror would overwhelm us, and how surely and quickly and wretchedly we should perish if the sun should go out, should shine no more!

The rain does not stand at our door and plead with us that it may pour down its life-giving waters upon our gardens and fields and fill our springs and rivers and make green the earth for our welfare, but it just falls in the night while we sleep or in the day while we work, because the Father "sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." It is God's rain. He might withhold it, but instead He gives it, and we live and do not perish from the face of the earth. How good God is!

These and manifold other gifts He bestows and we receive them freely, but often without gratitude or a thought of the Giver of all good gifts.

But there are other gifts He waits to give us and bring to our door, the benefits of which we can only receive as we consciously and purposefully co-operate with Him and ask that we may receive. Jesus asked for a drink from the much-married woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, and then said to her:

"If thou knewst the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."

On God's side the water in Jacob's well was free to any and all. He sent it down heights through the dark subterranean arteries of earth flowing beneath Samaria, but men had to dig the well, and draw the water if they would drink from its cool flood.

But from infinitely loftier heights God was sending down water that would quench the thirst of the soul. Jesus had it to give away, but the woman in the story had to desire it, ask for it and believe.

Jesus Himself is the Gift of God and in Him is all fullness found. He is the "grain of wheat," "the handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains," which shall feed the nations with imperishable bread, and with Him is "the fountain of life" from which men may drink and thirst no more.

Paul says that "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell," and "In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the God-head bodily," and "In Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and then he adds, "Ye are complete in Him."

When we have found Christ—really found Him—we need seek no further, but should spend our lives exploring and discovering and testing the riches we have in Him.

Have you some great need, or many little daily needs? Listen to Paul: "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Run to Him with your need as you ran to mother when a little child, then go diligently about your duty, quietly waiting and watching, and you shall see Christ working for you and meeting your

need. Have you some heavy burden to bear, some great task to perform? Listen again to Paul: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Tell Jesus of your burden, counsel with Him about your task, and see Him working for you sustaining you, adding His strength to your weakness. "Roll thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee: He will never suffer the righteous to be moved," said the Psalmist, and ten thousand burdened and over-tasked souls have followed the Psalmist's instructions and echoed a glad amen.

Are you puzzled and do you feel your lack of wisdom in the presence of perplexing circumstances and duties? Hear Paul again: "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who if God is made unto us wisdom," and hear James: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth liberally and upbraideth not and it shall be given him; but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." He will be your wisdom.

The more minutely we search the Gospels and Epistles, the more we shall stand amazed at manifold riches hid away for us in Jesus, and the more we cast ourselves upon Him and put him to the test, the more we shall unfailingly prove his word, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Merry Christmas to you in Him. Hallelujah!

"My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Son of righteousness
With healing in His wings.

"My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

"Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My medicine and my health,
My peace, my strength, my joy, my cross
My glory and my wealth.

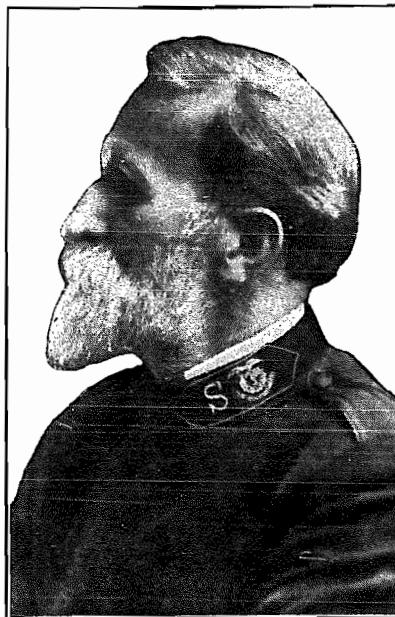
"Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love,
My bread, my hope, my Counselor,
My Advocate above.

"My Christ, He is the Heaven of heaven
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is All-in-all."

"If thou knewst the Gift of God and Who?"—John 4:10.

PRINCE OF PEACE

But now the Prince of Peace has come—He of Whom it was said that "in His days there shall be abundance of peace." Now "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Now 'old things are passed away; behold all things are become new;" and "all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself."



The Man by the Wayside

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL WILLIAM NICHOLSON, INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

IT WAS about Christmas-time. Those who visit Switzerland during the summer months see the snow glowing on the summit of the mountain and varying its hue with the changing of the light. But from the low-lying valleys the scintillating flakes appear so remote, so far away. In December, however, it is different. The snow (not always glowing and shining and inviting) blocks the roadway along which you walk. If you are tired and the afternoon light has failed, then the going is hard, especially up the hill to The Salvation Army Training Garrison in the city in which this story opens. This hill is a fairly steep ascent ordinarily, but with darkness everywhere, the snow unusually deep, and the air raw and penetrating, the traveller finds it a pretty stiff undertaking to reach his destination.

Earnest-Hearted Young Fellows

At the time of which I write the Cadets were a company of earnest-hearted young fellows who hailed from various cantons of their beautiful country. They had listened to many lectures and filled pocket books with notes. They drank deep of the wells of Salvationism and went forth day after day to their duties down amongst the poor, the sick, and the needy, speaking of Salvation to all.

The Principal was pleased with his Cadets, but he was anxious to test them even more thoroughly than they had been tested. One evening as the time drew near for the Christmas celebrations he exclaimed to his wife, who was the happy mother of one of the sweetest of little cherubs:

"I have an idea." His eyes shone.

"I am glad to hear it, Gustav," said the smiling, happy mother, as she looked down upon what was of more value to her than a thousand idems. "What is it?"

"For some time I have wanted to test the quality of the spirit of the Cadets. I think I know the stuff they are made of; but I am going to give them an opportunity to prove whether they have the spirit of compassion sufficiently to rise to an unexpected occasion."

"But what is the test?" asked his wife. "Though our sweet little Christmas-box here—isn't she a little cherub?—claims my attention so much, I am really curious to know what you intend to do."

The Principal's Plan

"Well, my plan is simply this. I know that fairly late this evening the Cadets will be coming down the hill from the Garrison. It will be dark and cold, and the snow hard by where they will pass has drifted very deep. I shall attire myself in old clothes so as to disguise myself thoroughly, and then throw myself down in the snow. When they pass it is my intention to groan so as to attract their attention."

"Oh, that is dreadful. You will catch your death of cold and—"

"Nonsense, little mother. You stay and look after our Christmas-box while I go."

"Tick, tock," said the clock on the mantelpiece. The house seemed strangely still. There was a bitter wind sighing amongst the trees and gables without. Baby was sleeping. Yes, the house was so quiet. Had Gustav gone?

She had a sense of the presence of some one else in the room. Hearing a slight sound she raised her eyes from the cot in which the little cherub was sleeping and—the sight nearly made her scream. It was a poor, desolate-looking, broken man.

"O Gustav!" she exclaimed, "How could you?"

"Do I look the part?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed you do. I could almost weep with pity when I see you."

The Training Principal strode on through the night, and was glad he had taken care. It was a cold night, but with his underwraps he expected to pull through all right. Would the plan pass muster? Up the hill he pushed his way through the snow. It was a lumbering climb. Presently, while he looked round for a spot suitable for his plan, he heard voices.

Plunged into the Snow

"Surely my watch must be wrong," he said. "The Cadets are not due this way yet. However, here goes," and he plunged himself into the snow and waited. No. Now he realized. The voices were not the voices of the Cadets. Yet, here were the folk coming.

The voice of a lady mingled with that of a gentleman as they passed along up the hill. The Training Principal caught the pungent sniff of a cigar, when the pair paused close to where he had made a hole in the snow. With womanly inquisitiveness the lady stepped aside from the path and exclaimed, "Oh! here is a poor man lying in

the snow."

"Leave him alone," said the gentleman, gazing down upon him.

"My dear," said the latter. "We can't leave him here. He will die of cold. We must lift him on to the path. Oh, whatever shall we do?" she exclaimed.

"Don't worry about him," replied the husband. "I expect he has had a drop too much. Come along."

At length, but very unwillingly, the lady followed the wake of her husband.

One more step was heard. It was the man and his lady returning.

"He is still there," said the latter compassionately kneeling in the snow. "We must not leave him here."

Once again the man looked down upon the recumbent figure as though trying to think of a way out of the difficulty.

"It's no good, my dear. We can't do anything to



"Very likely he's drunk—or injured."

help him. Come along! I would help him if I knew how to."

"One thing you must not do. You must not leave him. Whether he is drunk or sober he is in need of help."

"I cannot stay here all night. He will wake up presently when he has slept off the effects of the liquor, and then he will be all right and make his way down the hill. Come along, I say."

Still protesting the little lady walked away. As they went the Training Principal heard the clear high voice of his who-would-be-rescuer raised in pleading, and then the deep notes of the reply.

Ugh! How cold it was. Certainly that watch of his was wrong, or could it be that he had dozed off to sleep. He found that he had not been lying in the snow so long as he had imagined. The Cadets were now nearly due to pass that way.

"How long time seems when one is out in the cold," reflected the Principal as he tried to make himself comfortable. The laggard minutes passed, and he was on the point of rising to his feet to help to restore his circulation, for he was beginning to feel numb. Then he thought of the bright warm room where he had left his little wife and her Christmas-box. This brought cheer to him, and his heart was comforted.

Once again folk were coming along the un frequented road. There were more than two this time, and they were man's voices that he heard. Who ever they might be, they were walking in step.

Ah, that was the voice of the Captain. All uncertainty vanished. They were the Cadets coming down the hill.

What would happen? As the Principal waited he felt that much depended upon the next few minutes. The reputation of the Army, as well as of his little company of Cadets rested on the issue.

Nearer drew the Cadets for whom he had prayed so long and in whose interest he had labored with such deep concern. They were chatting away, and a voice was raised in song.

The vital moment had now arrived. The excitement of the Principal, though suppressed, was great, and he found himself breathing heavily, for he lay face down like some hibernating bear. It

looked as though the Cadets were so occupied with their talk and singing that they failed to notice the man by the wayside. For shame, Cadets; for shame!

Halt! The sharp word of command worked like magic. The song ceased; the footsteps could no longer be heard.

"What was that?" said the Captain. The Principal had groaned.

One or two of the Cadets were down on their knees at once. "It's a man."

"A man—and sleeping out in the open a night like this!" He's not sleeping."

"What's the matter with him?" said the Captain. "Very likely he's drunk," said one. "Or injured," said another.

"He must have Fallen"

Once more the Principal groaned. "Poor fellow. He must have fallen heavily and hurt himself."

Anyway, drunk or sober, hurt or sound, he must not be allowed to freeze to death.

With difficulty the Principal restrained his feelings, but it was his duty to carry through his extraordinary project. The Cadets were kneeling in the snow or bending over him, and all were seeking to be of some service.

"What about the meeting?" said one. "That can wait a little," was the answer.

"If every absentee has as good a reason as we have, then all will be well."

"How is he?" said the Captain. "He appears to be very drowsy, and it's a job to get a word out of him. Evidently he is quite unconscious, but he is almost too heavy to lift to his feet."

"Don't try to lift him to his feet," said the Captain. "It is not a long way to the Training Garrison. We must carry him up the hill, and when we get him into the Garrison we can take him down where the stove is, get him warm and give him some hot coffee. Now then, boys—one—two—three!"

The Principal of the Training Garrison felt himself being lifted out of the uncomfortable quarters and carried up the hill. It was too bad on his part, the Principal thought. But it was no good giving away the position now.

Carried him up the Hill

It was a hard journey up the hill, not so much for the panting and perspiring Cadets as for the one they were carrying. If truth must be told more than once he nearly came a cropper, but on they went determinedly, and they were encouraged to increased exertions by the groans of the man. There was a welcome respite at the Training Garrison entrance. Then the Cadets with their Captain took up the burden again and with revived energy. Through the entrance they carried the man found by the wayside.

"Take him down to the stove," said the Captain.

When they got within the glow of the stove down-stairs, so exultant was the Principal in his feelings, so full of gratitude and pride, that, pulling back the soft old service cap that had been pulled over his ears and eyes, he cried with sudden energy his face alight with recognition. "Well done, lads. Well done!"

This indiscretion on his part brought about a startling turn of events. A French-Swiss Cadet was so surprised that he let go his part of the burden, and a German-Swiss Cadet let go another part, and an Italian-Swiss Cadet in attendance jumped right into the air with astonishment. The result was that the Principal was dropped with a bump on to the floor, but he forgot his hurts and the chill of the night, and while the astonished Captain and Cadets crowded around, he related his night's experience. Soon the Cadets were laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks while the Principal glowed with pleasure and satisfaction.

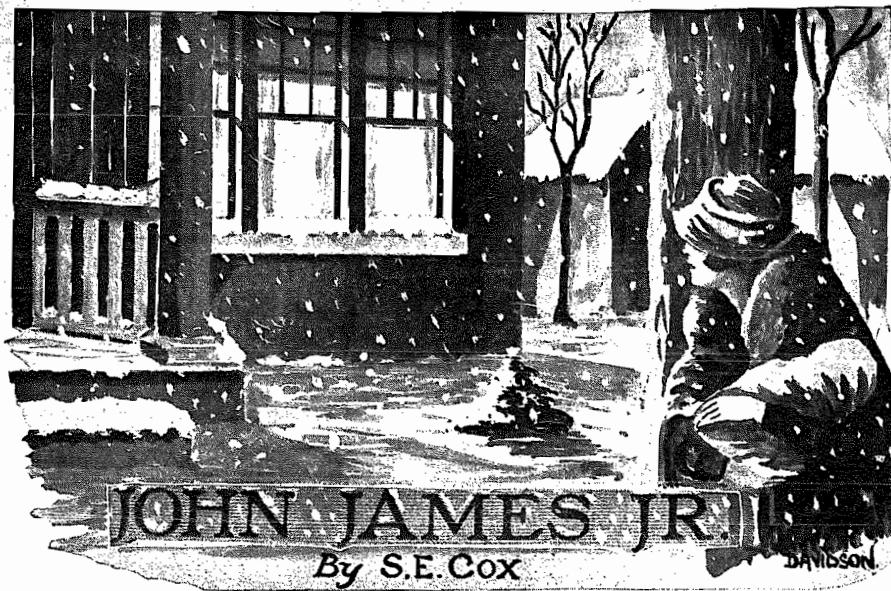
Evidence of Salvation

The story was too good to keep, and it was passed on to the other Wing of the Training Garrison, where it was received as an evidence of the practical Salvationism of the men Cadets. Though it was well known that the women-folk often lead in devotion and self-sacrifice, they envied the men Cadets the splendid opportunity they had of proving that they were no mere theorists, but were eager to show their devotion to Christ in practical form.

It was not the Principal who told the story in the city. But somehow it got out, as good stories will.

Need I add that that Christmas was one of the happiest to the Cadets and to the Captain, and to the Principal, who reached the bright little room, the good little wife and the Christmas-box in safety.

"Now tell me all about it, Gustav," said the wife. And Gustav related the Christmas story pretty much as I have related it to you.



JOHN JAMES JR.

By S.E. COX

DANISON

THE snow was falling in thick, soft flakes—falling steadily from an inky sky. The gaunt, bare outlines of the giant maples that bordered Prospect Avenue were edged in white. The cement sidewalk on the north side of Main Street—the one-time pride of Williamsport—was covered with a four-inch carpet of snow, heavy with moisture, and marked by foot-tracks from the Eureka Drug Store to the Post Office. The globes on the light standards on Main Street were covered with the softly falling flakes, and the light generated from the Williamsport Power and Light Co. plant, the installation of which had been the occasion of a public holiday in that city, struggled vainly to pierce the gloom. A few belated purchasers of Christmas Eve supplies were abroad, and the stores were still open to accommodate them.

At the east end of Main Street, a store window gleamed with light, emphasizing the heavy red and blue lettering which told the inhabitants of Williamsport that this was the home of The Salvation Army. Inside the hall several red and blue clad figures were examining the valves of sundry battered Band instruments, and tightening the cords of the drums. The Williamsport Corps, even in the days of the early nineties, followed the time-honored custom of Christmas Eve serenading.

Mother and Babe

From the window of a substantially built home on Prospect Avenue gleamed the light of blazing logs, and the solitary figure in front of the open fireplace was thrown into relief by the occasional glare. The light seemed to attract and hold the attention of the shrinking figure of the woman with the heavy bundle in her arms—the only moving object on Prospect Avenue. Several times she passed the window—clinging to the shadow of the maples when a flicker of light touched her features. Several times she approached the door—then hesitated and drew back into the gloom. At length, with a choking sob, she stumbled up the steps to the front door—deposited the bundle carefully on the threshold, then, running as if the furies were behind her, disappeared into the night. The conductor on the East Bound noticed the tear-stained face of a woman, her garments wet with snow, who boarded his train at Williamsport, and shook his head as she alighted at Alexis, the nearest big town to Williamsport. The police authorities at Alexis were frankly puzzled when the body of a woman was found on Christmas morning, floating amidst the broken ice of the river. Too bad! Sadness even on Christmas Day. They were never

able to secure identification, and a brief notation in the police records at Alexis was her only obituary.

Sergeant-Major John James Thomas, of the Williamsport Corps, was one of the town's most substantial citizens. The Thomas Lumber Company, the Williamsport Light and Power Company, and the local Corps of The Salvation Army were some of the products of his labor. In the days when Williamsport was only a "local" stop, the Sergeant-Major, then a young man in his early thirties, had bought a timber tract in the surrounding hills. The Thomas Lumber Company—hardwood, ties and building material—was the outcome. With the later advent of the cannery factory and the knitting mill, power was an absolute necessity—hence the Williamsport Power and Light Company. With the growth of the population, The Salvation Army had also become a necessity, resulting in a letter from the president of the Thomas Lumber Company to the D.O. at Alexis to this effect—"If you will send an Officer, I will stand by him." The Officer was sent—the Methodist church missed the red-guerneyed figure of John James Thomas, who had attended the services so faithfully, but insisted upon wearing his uniform—a Corps was started; the Captain and Sergeant-Major Thomas were the Corps; but it grew with the town, and the Sergeant-Major was happy.

But one Christmas Eve, his wife Jennie, his only love, his greatest joy, his inspiration, had slipped quietly away into the land of the Shadows, leaving John James Thomas alone—grief-stricken—childless. He presently lifted his head and faced life as God seemed to have ordered it, but his home on Prospect Avenue was strangely silent and memory-laden for this lonely man. As each succeeding Christmas Eve had rolled around, Sergeant-Major Thomas had kept tryst with Jennie. With his chair in front of the blazing log fire, and his eyes on the photograph of a woman with kindly gray eyes, hanging over the mantle, John James Thomas faithfully and fearlessly reviewed the passing year. Such had been his custom since Jennie had left him, and such was his occupation on the Christmas Eve on which our story opens—and this fact also gives us the explanation for the absence of the Sergeant-Major from the company of serenaders gathered in the store at the east of Main Street.

John James, Senior

"Not much to tell this year, old girl," he said, as he leaned back in his chair and stirred the logs with his foot, "just about the same as last year. Little more money in the bank. Lumber Company doing well consider-

ing, crops growing some, too, thank God. Can't see I've done much. Jenny's money's clean—I've been square—I've tried to do what you would have said to do, and what you did say to do before you went away. Perhaps God will see something good in it all."

Thus he soliloquized, while the light of the logs played on the lines of his face and touched his rapidly graying hair.

"Guess I'll just read our chapter, and say good-night to you, Jenny," and after a brief silence the steady voice of John James Thomas spoke the words, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given—."

A Discovery

Closing the Book, the Sergeant-Major arose from his chair, and squaring his shoulders, looked long into the gray eyes that seemed to smile so understandingly into his own. At that moment the sound of distant music reached his ears, and with a smile he strode to the door. For some moments he stood in the doorway, looking out into the snowy night, listening with a strange tightening at his throat and a prayer in his heart. Suddenly another sound, strangely unusual, reached his ear and drew his eyes to the shadows at his feet. He drew back in astonishment and then reached for the bundle. Amazement gripped him as he turned back the covers and the light of the fire fell on the face of the child. Two tiny gray eyes looked into his own. Dropping the bundle into the chair, he stepped quickly to the door. Not a moving object anywhere—only the falling snow that had long since obliterated the footprints of the woman.

Closing the door, he stepped back to the chair, and stood gazing as if hypnotized, at the little stranger.

"Where did you come from, young fellow, and who are you, anyway?" he inquired, and the baby's answering gurgle did not enlighten him.

Lifting the child with unaccustomed hand, his eye fell upon an envelope

pinned to the tiny garments. "Maybe this will throw some light on the mystery," he said, as with one hand he fumbled with the note. "What's this?" He read—

"Be good to my baby. He was born right, and his name is John James."

"Well, Well!" The Sergeant-Major's consternation increased. "So your name's John James, eh? You and me's alike there. But what is your other name, and what can I do with you? Guess your mammy must have thought a powerful lot of you," as he examined the tiny garments, and noticed the white silk monogram worked on each. "John James, eh?" he muttered. "Now that's curious—and you look like a mighty fine kid to me. Not that I know much about that subject, John James—know more about mules—but you look like a thoroughbred to me. Wish I knew your pedigree. Only thing I can see to do with you is to hand you over to the League of Mercy. Eh? What's that?" The Sergeant-Major turned rapidly, holding the child tighter as he did so.

What Jennie Said

"Could have declared I heard something. Sounded like a voice to me." He stood silent, and listened, and then caught himself repeating the words, "For unto us a Child is born—unto us a Son is given—"

Suddenly the habit of years asserted itself, and his eyes sought the picture. "What shall I do with him, Jennie?" he asked. "He's a mighty nice looking boy, and his name's John James. What shall I do with him?"

He stepped closer to the picture. Did those eyes really smile back into his own. Was he "seeing things"—yet a second look only confirmed the first impression.

"You ain't saying to keep him, are you, Jennie? I ain't never handled kids—how can I keep him?" Again he paused—thinking and thinking until again a sound broke the stillness. It was his own voice, once more repeating—"unto us a Son is given—"

Suddenly he straightened and his eyes flashed. "I'll do it, I will. I'll keep him, Jennie. I'll keep him by—This time he was sure that the gray eyes had smiled into his own.

"Don't know how I'll fix it, but I will, somehow. What you say goes with me, Jennie. Always did, did it—getting too old to have my own way now. Besides his name's John James—John James, Junior—sounds pretty good to me!"

Unaccustomed hands attended to the needs of John James, Junior, that Christmas night. He occupied the Sergeant-Major's bed, while John James, Senior, snatched a few hours of broken sleep in the spare room.

The Song Stopped

The Christmas morning service at the Williamsport Corps did not run according to schedule. The first song was interrupted by the Sergeant-Major, who walked to the front seat with a baby in his arms. The Captain signalled to the Lieutenant to keep the singing going while he stepped to the side of the somewhat plump but very determined figure. But it was no use—the song had naturally stopped.

"Want you to dedicate this baby, Captain," said John James, Senior. "Why, er—certainly, Sergeant-Major," said the astonished Captain—"but whose baby is he?"

"He's mine!"

(Continued on page 16)

A Christmas Carol

Awake! awake! this happy morn,
Sing of a mighty, loving Saviour born,
Glory to God on high;
Sing peace on earth, goodwill t'ward men.
And sing it o'er and o'er again,
And fill the world with joy.

The glory shone, and angels sang,
With blessed tidings joyful shepherds ran,
God's only Son to see;
The saving power of Jesus' name,
Will swell Messiah's glorious fame,
Throughout Eternity.

Rejoice! rejoice! with Christmas song,
Like mighty thunder roll His praise along.
Lo! Hallelujah sing;
Proclaim His birth, good news to tell,
With highest praise glad voices speak
And worship Christ your King.

Eternal thanks to Christ be given,
With joyful music strom the gates of Heaven.
Before His throne fall down,
By Bethlehem's hand to Calvary led,
Let Heaven and earth put on His head
A hallelujah crown.

OBSERVER AT THE T. H. Q. WINDOW

Wearing Officers trimmings are men of very many nationalities. To the imposing 1st will soon be added one other name, so a contemporary reminds us, for the first Karen Cadet has entered the Calcutta Training Garrison. The Karens live among the hills of Burma and are elephant hunters of traditional occupation. A number of remarkable conversions have taken place among these interesting people during the year. The Army has been operating among them. Now the elephant hunter takes his place beside the neat London typist and enthusiastic Jap under the same flag.

* * *

"DEEDS, not words," is a motto which occupies one of the front places in the favor of Salvationists. When the nation has to face some urgent domestic difficulty there are often words in fountains but deeds in mere drops. But tradition witnesses to the fact that the Salvationist prefers action to mere talking. Here is one of the most recent testimonies to the assertion. Presiding at The Army's annual social meeting in Colombo, the Mayor mentioned that when parts of the city were inundated by floods he rang up The Army Officers to ask what they could do, and received the reply that they were already on the job and had started relief, the "homeless" being already in The Army Home. The Salvationists had simply got on with it.

* * *

NOT the least of the many difficulties which Army missionary Officers have to face in China is the correct pronunciation of the language. Although a word may be spelt in one way, it is quite possible for it to have several different meanings, according to the way it is pronounced. As may well be imagined, missionary Officers are oft-times placed in awkward circumstances, sometimes distressing, but generally humorous. For instance, an Officer who recently returned from China, was explaining to one of his Soldiers the mystery of making an English pie. "Be sure to put the baking powder in with the flour," he said. The Chinese Salvationist roared with laughter. "I know what you mean," he exclaimed amidst ripples of delight, "but what you actually said was 'Be sure to put your wife in with the flour!'"

* * *

SOME remarkable confessions have been made at Army penitent-forms, among them that of a seeker in Czechoslovakia. This penitent, to all appearances a respectable boy, knelt with others who came forward in a Sunday night meeting. Having been counselled and prayed with, the penitent asked to see a woman-Officer and to her confessed to being a girl. She was sixteen and had left home dressed as a boy, hoping by this means to find work more easily. She was taken to an Army Home at Krc.

* * *

QUITE a number of Corps reports this week refer to open-air held despite inclement weather. One never knows the issue of these self-sacrificing efforts. Standing thus in the rain some little time ago, a few comrades found little encouragement from visible listeners, but they rowed the seed of Salvation, and sowed it well, as the subsequent happening showed. Among the seekers at the penitent-form that night were a couple of friends who had started on a journey to the other side of the city. The rain coming on, they were debating whether it was worth while continuing the journey when they heard The Salvation Army open-air meeting, and decided to go to the Hall—with the above happy result.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

• • •
SUB-TERRITORIAL : COLONEL CLOUD : SPRINGDALE ST.,
COMMANDER— : ST. JOHN'S.

RICH HARVESTING

During the last two weeks attendances at the meetings in St. John's have been unusually large, and the results have been very encouraging. In the Central Holiness meetings, thirty-eight have been forward for the Blessing of Full Salvation. Fifty seekers have knelt at the mercy-seat at St. John's L.

LANTERN SERVICES

Major Tilley, accompanied by Adjutant Cornick, visited Winterton, Hant's Harbor, and New Chelsea during the week, where a special series of lantern services was conducted. The week-end meetings were conducted at Winterton; the attendances were all that could be expected, and a splendid spirit of interest prevailed.

SUNBEAM DEMONSTRATION

Colonel Cloud presided over a very interesting Sunbeam Demonstration at St. John's II on Tuesday night. The recitations, singing and dialogues were worthy of commendation, while a very impressive song service entitled "Youth at the Cross Roads" was excellently rendered, and the large audience that attended was loud in its praise. Great credit is due Sunbeam Leader Renee Tilley and Assistant Leader Jean Piercy.

NEW SCHOOL

Adjutant Peach and her assistant, Captain Squires, are full of expectation for a good winter of soul-saving at Hant's Harbor Corps. The Major met the comrades in reference to the erection of a new Day School and Junior Hall, which is great necessity in this place. The Comrades are deeply interested and have decided to secure sufficient framing and rough lumber for its completion.

* * *

Captain and Mrs. Jones, of Winterton, are full of enthusiasm and are experiencing some very blessed times. The Captain, who is the Day School teacher, finds his hands well-filled and feels quite happy in his work among the children.

MRS. COMMISSIONER SOWTON AT THE TEMPLE

"Irish Stew" caused a sensation in Toronto last week. The Toronto Temple Corps is making a desperate effort to raise the \$500.00 needed to build Village Hall in India, in connection with our beloved General's Birthday Scheme. A Sale of Work was accordingly arranged by Adjutant Ham, Mrs. Adjutant Snowden, the Home League Secretary, gave a splendid lead and soon had every section of the Corps responsible for a stall. Sisters Mrs. Alward and Burdett, with a splendid band of helpers, supervised the serving of dinners to downtown workers, the menu including the famous "Irish Stew."

We were favored in having the wife of our Territorial Commander, Mrs. Commissioner Sowton, to open the Sale; a fine crowd gathered. Mrs. Colonel Miller led in prayer, and the Territorial Home League Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Powley, heartily congratulated Mrs. Adjutant Snowden, Mrs. B. D. Dowding, the Home League Treasurer, and all the workers on the beautiful display of saleable goods.

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton gave an address and thanked the comrades for the hard work and the thought they had evidently put into the Sale, especially commending them for their self-sacrifice in giving their entire proceeds to such a worthy cause.

At night a large crowd again gathered to hear the West Toronto Band, under Bandmaster Delmont, and the Danforth Songster Brigade, under Souster Leader Fuller.

We greatly rejoice in the splendid sum of \$250.00 raised.

Captain Jennie Brown, of New Chelsea, also speaks very hopefully of her Corps and school work. *

A Home League Sale of Work held at St. John's I, has been most successful, a substantial amount being realised.

* * *

ENGLEE

Captain Greenham

Captain Greenham reports thirty-six souls saved and twelve Soldiers enrolled, and also a foundation laid for a new building, the erection of which is to begin in the early Spring. The Captain has removed to Boydes Arm, with his soldiers, for the winter, and a building has been erected where meetings are to be conducted.

The faith of the comrades is high for a very successful season in their winter quarters.

BAY ROBERTS

Commandant and Mrs. Cole

A Sale of Work has recently been held at this Corps in the interest of the property. The result of this came up to expectations.

On a recent Sunday night four seekers came forward for Salvation. Prospects are bright for a good Fall and Winter soul-saving campaign.

* * *

A very successful Tag Day has just been conducted. The work of the League of Mercy will be furthered as a result.

ST. JOHN'S III

Adjutant and Mrs. Caines

At St. John's III the Harvest Festival sale was held on Wednesday night, and was well up to expectations. The day school building, which has recently been erected, is now being painted, and altogether the Corps is on the upgrade.

DOTING COVE

Adjutant and Mrs. Pike

A revival wave swept over this Corps on a recent Sunday, and the comrades who visited Headquarters say that it is many years since such a splendid spirit prevailed. A large number of seekers knelt at the mercy-seat.



Lieutenant Pinkney, of Chappleau



Collegegrams

What a fortune would that man make who could provide people with memory. What disasters have occurred on railways and at sea, because responsible people "Forgot." What ruin and sorrow have been brought about in other directions by "Bad Memories." Wherever we go we hear complaints of "poor memories."

Close observation and contact with all kinds of characters lead one to the conclusion that when people make no attempt to store the mind, they do not blame their own indolence and carelessness, but blame nature.

We are making every effort to assist Cadets to improve their memories by the following plan. Each Cadet is given a number of verses of the Bible to learn each week and also a verse of one song. These verses are selected. On Saturday afternoons they go into their class room in their Brigades and write down from "memory" the Scripture verses they have learned. Each Sergeant is responsible for his or her own "Brigade." The papers are collected and carefully marked, close attention being given to writing and spelling, but especially to correct quotations.

The recent programme of music and song given by the Cadets in the Temple was a great success in every way. The building was full; the women were enthusiastic. The Cadets put all their soul into the various items, so there was plenty of life. The women Cadets formed a band and played "Happy Land." Did you ever hear one of the first Army Bands? Well this Band will improve under the leader! The "drummer" was a great success. Look out for another musical meeting early in the New Year.

We regret to report an accident in connection with the Parliament Street Brigade. While on the march from the open-air to the hall a motor truck dashed into the brigade. Cadet Elsie Wells, who was carrying the Flag, was thrown down and carried some distance under the truck. She was badly bruised but no bones were broken. God certainly preserved the life of His child. The Cadet is being nursed at the Training Garrison and is making satisfactory progress toward recovery. Some other Cadets and the Sergeant (Garnett) were wonderfully delivered from serious injury.

The Cadets are now completing their first tests in Bible, Doctrine and Organization. What a tantalizing thing it is to go into a test, sit down carefully, read the "test" questions, then find out the things that you omitted to pay attention to are the ones you are asked to write about. I must not tell secrets, but experience is a good teacher.

Referring to "Memory," what a trick it plays you sometimes; you know the lesson so well, in fact, you can repeat it word for word before you go into the test, then, when you sit down and try to answer the questions, "Memory" just won't work; that's all there is to it. You try to coax it by looking up at the ceiling, scratching your head, closing your eyes; you try and look wise, although you feel just the opposite. You come out of the room and say "I just couldn't think." Then it all comes back. What tricks "Memory" plays. Too bad, you say, "I sure is." —W.B.



The Army



In Brief



BONFIRES IN BRAZIL

An almost demented spiritualist recently knelt at the mercy-seat in our new Corps at Bangui, Brazil. The day after his conversion he made a fire in his garden and fed the flames with his spiritualistic reading matter.

Another convert, a woman, also built a bonfire. She gathered together her large collection of images and pictures which she had worshipped, and cast them into the blaze. Would that all men might burn their idols to-day; they must be burned by fire sometime—why not now?

AN OFFICER AS A DENTIST

An Officer in Australia relates having visited a dentist the other day with a view to obtaining a substantial donation towards the Self-Denial Appeal.

Having obtained entrance to the dentist's room, he introduced himself and said, "You, sir, are to be the patient today: kindly seat yourself in the chair."

The dentist meekly obeyed.

"My business," continued the collector, "resembles in some respects that of a dentist. You like to get your patients into an easy position to enable you to determine the amount of gas required to ensure a painless

The Winter Campaign slogan, "EVERY SOLDIER A SQUIL-WINNER."

extraction. Well, now, I have plenty of oxygen, and I am going to put it on in a minute or two, and when I feel you have had enough I shall make the extraction, which I promise you will be quite painless."

A look of amazement came over the dentist's face as the visitor proceeded to make known The Army's financial needs, its most recent Missions developments, and so on.

"Now for the extraction!" ejaculated the collector — "Five guineas for the Self-Denial Fund!"

"Right!" the dentist responded readily. "You shall have it."

"And didn't I tell you it would be painless?" smilingly remarked the collector.

ANOTHER ARMY PERIODICAL

Our juvenile comrades in the West Indies Territory are delighted with Commissioner Bullard's announcement that a monthly "Young Soldier" is to be published, commencing January 1st. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Barr, well known to many Salvationists in Canada East, is to be the editor.

ARRESTED BY THE DRUM

A number of lads one Sunday night were making their way through the fields to some fruit gardens, from which they intended to help themselves.

From the distance came the sound of a drum, as The Salvation Army march made its way to the Hall. The boom of the drum smote the conscience of one of those lads. He returned to the town, found out the Salvation Army Hall, and before the meeting closed was found at the penitent-form.

He is to-day a Salvation Army Officer.

WHAT HAPPENED DURING 1925?

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS TELLING OF A FEW OUTSTANDING EVENTS IN THE ARMY WORLD DURING THE PAST YEAR

What momentous happenings have been crammed into the past year! What changes, what unexpected demands, what deeds of daring, what heart-breaks! When it is considered that The Salvation Army is operating in eighty-one countries and colonies in the world, one will quickly realize that a presentation of the major activities for the twelve months would require the space of a good-sized volume.

Certainly the year has been rich in

her presence the opening of a hospital extension at Clapton.

The first Salvation Army Congress in the Republic of Latvia was held amidst great rejoicing. On this occasion the first Latvian Local Officers were commissioned.

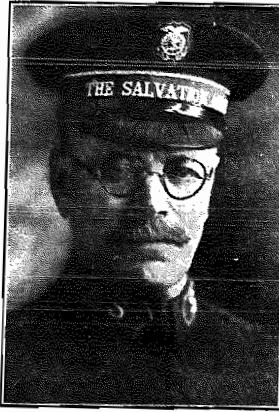
The Hungarian "War Cry" reached a circulation of 20,000 per issue. This, in a Territory only one year old, is a wonderful record.

The 45th Anniversary of the Training of Officers was made memorable by a Training Staff Council in London. At this Council, Training Garrison representatives were present from every Army Territory save three.

Commissioner and Mrs. Lamb commenced a tour of the Empire in the interests of migration.

The list of Army periodicals was lengthened by the publication of "War Cry" in Latvia and Hungary.

The British Commissionership changed hands when Mrs. Booth relinquished the command, and Com-



Colonel William J. B. Turner, appointed Territorial Commander for the Territory comprising Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay.

victory for our Organization. Reports of conquest, new ground occupied, novel methods used, conversions from people of almost every strata of society, have filled the pages of our various papers week after week.

The General has been continually "on the go." He has proven a worthy example to every leader as to how a shepherd of souls and minister of Christ should be unceasing in attacking the forts of darkness. Campaigns in Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, France, as well as in the Old Country, have been seasons of Salvation glow and holy enthusiasm, and thousands of seekers have lined the mercy-seat.

Mrs. Booth has also been continually atravel, having conducted strenuous Congress gatherings in Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Canada East and West, as well as numerous Councils and soul-saving campaigns in Great Britain.

It is worthy of remark here that The Army has received tributes to its work, of a heartiness unprecedented in our history. The President of Germany, of the United States, of Chile, and of Paraguay have been warm in their support of Army endeavor. During the year the General was received in audience by the King of Denmark and President Doumergue of France. Queen Mary graced with



Mrs. Colonel Turner

quished the command, and Commissioner Hurren succeeded her to that important post.

Several of our leading Officers retired, among whom were Commissioner Ogrim, and our late Territorial Leader, Commissioner Richards.

Large missionary reinforcements were despatched to South, West and East Africa, India, Java, Brazil and other parts.

The General's second daughter, Lieut.-Colonel Mary, was made a Territorial Commander, taking charge of our work in Germany.

The year was not without its severe shocks, for a number of our most trusted Officers were promoted to Glory. Among the number were

Lieut.-Colonel Gugelmann, Dutch East Indies; Colonel Whiller, England; Colonel P. van Rossum, Holland, and Mrs. Colonel Pugmire, of England. Commissioner McAlonan, Managing Director of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, after forty-three years devoted service, laid down his sword. Another grievous loss was that of Lieut.-Commissioner Povlsen, of Holland. Brigadier Peat, Territorial Commander for Kenya also answered the roll call.

The General's Seventieth Year Birthday Scheme was launched, aiming to secure one million dollars for the furtherance of our work in missionary countries.

The first edition of Mrs. Booth's latest book, "Likeness to God," and later "Echoes and Memories" by the General, were run off the press.

The first Kenya Band in Nairobi native Corps was organized.

"SILENT CAL." SPEAKS

President Coolidge of the United States, has come into possession of that significant sobriquet — "Silent Cal." He has, however, been breaking his silence to some purpose during the past few weeks, and his utterances on religion and moral matters are worthy of broadcasting afar. For instance, consider the following two pithy subjects:

"What the youth of the country need is not more public control through governmental action, but more home control through parental action."

"It is not enough that there should be action in the pulpits—they must be reaction in the pews. It will not be sufficient to have exalted preaching by the clergy unless there is exalted living by the laity."

ODDMENTS

The President of the Republic of Paraguay gave audience to Lieut.-Colonel Coles on the occasion of his tour through the South American Territory.

On the occasion of their visit to Abeokuta, West Africa, with the Cadets, Captain and Mrs. Corbett received special invitation from His Highness The Alake to visit him at his palace. His Highness expressed delight with the progress The Army is making and wished it success.

The sixth Eventide Home for old ladies, in Sweden, has recently been opened.

"The War Cry" of the West Indies Territory increased in circulation by 1,000 copies during 1925.

Aberdeen Salvationists felt more than ordinarily proud of the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards, when, with flags flying, they took their place in the Guard of Honor to their Majesties, the King and Queen, who recently visited the Granite City for the purpose of opening the Hall of Remembrance to the 5,000 warriors whose lives were lost in the Great War.

The forty-first anniversary of the Women's Social Work was held in London, England, on November 19th.

Colonel Yamamoto recently was a privileged visitor to the Japanese Association in London. About seventy prominent business men, students and members of the Japanese Embassy were present. Mr. Yamo, of the Yokohama Specie Bank Co., Ltd., who is an author and song-writer of national fame, presided at this gathering.

Lieut.-Colonel Clark, Chief Secretary for Native Work in South Africa, had an interesting experience when he addressed a crowd of revellers engaged in a wild beer orgy. Some were convicted, some were amused, and some were disgusted because they were disturbed in their beer drinking.

Where Christmas was Created

A Glimpse of the Wonderful Land of Palestine and some Seasonable Thoughts Thereon

By COLONEL CHARLES KNOTT, Canada West

THE shaping of the history of Palestine is the story of an immense past. Prophetic utterances of past centuries have blended strangely with the facts of life and testimony—each echoing in no uncertain sound the vibrating chords of truth. It is a country destined and prepared for strange events and hallowed by the life, works and death of our great Redeemer—a land not destined for secular greatness, but for revelation.

One cannot think of the country without thinking of Jerusalem—the City of the soul—a City of spiritual inspiration. True, it is a city of many arrows—no City has been besieged, taken and re-taken, more often than Jerusalem.

The streets of no City have run with more blood of human beings than the Holy City, and yet so strange

but so true—God chose to put His name on it and make it the candlestick for the Light of the world.

Here nations are bound together in and around the City by the symbol of the Cross and the Churches they have erected.

Jerusalem is first mentioned in the Bible (Josh. 18:28) as Jebus, which is Jerusalem. David brought Goliath's head and the shields of gold of Jerusalem. They carried the ark of God to Jerusalem. The Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem with a very great train.

Jerusalem is the object of many tears. The Saviour wept over it exclaiming, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." (Matthew 23:37.)

The Bible is the best guide-book to Syria. Here the fig-tree planted in the vineyard, there the tower guarding the winepress, unmuzzled oxen trampling out the corn on the threshing floors from whence the wind drives the chaff. Women still coming to the wells for water or sitting two at the grinding-mill.

Israel's greatness lay solely in the knowledge of the Lord—all other experiments in greatness failed.

Consider the Roman conquerors and Christ. Rome was about His cradle and His grave. He was brought to Bethlehem for a Roman taxation. He was delivered to a Roman judge, to Roman soldiers and crucified on a Roman cross.

To see the Russian pilgrims in Palestine, poor and ignorant, but with simple, yet strong faith, is an inspiring sight. To visit Palestine to them is to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Bathing in the Jordan, filling their bottles, dipping their winding sheets in the water—it all signifies self-denial prompted by the purest desire to escape from deluding society to cleanliness of faith.

Environment counts for much in national life—the environment of Palestine is sea and desert. It is a great oasis—a fertile resting-place for travelers from Egypt to Mesopotamia between which nations she was ever a buffer state in war and politics.

The sea she never took for a friend.

She may exult in the fact that God has His path on the great waters, but she does not venture there herself. She looks upon it as a place to cast

Palestine can never be seen but as a miracle of life and beauty rescued from the desert. The desert is a place of retreat and calm, where new rev-

merry-making, the giving and receiving of gifts. The happy journeying to spend the holiday in the dear old home, that place of childhood's memories of parental love and care, and the centre of youthful escapades and adventures. What an attraction the thought of Christmas has had through those waiting months—what expectations it has created, which have made the burdens of life easier to bear, and sped Father Time along to the happy culmination of their longings.

Expectation is one of the great forerunners of Christmas experiences. Expectations are visions of things we hope to realize. It was Ahaz, the King, who spoke those wonderful words of prophetic value—"Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel." (Isaiah 7:14). Such words were not permitted to be lost or forgotten as if they were newspaper reports to satisfy the shifting thoughts of men. No, they were preserved and that, in spite of changes in language resulting from the numerous conquests that raged in that Land of Promise, and in spite of the infidel and heathen who overran the country of Palestine, destroying temples and manuscripts in vain hopes of exterminating all traces of God's holy Word.

Thus it was that the Word of the Lord in the mouth of Ahaz the King, was preserved and handed down from generation to generation until a strange spirit of expectation was upon the people. In the wilderness one John was preaching, saying, "Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. This is He that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias." "Then went out to Him Jerusalem and all Judea."

In the cities it was the same. At Nazareth an angel visited the home of one Joseph and named the child already unborn. "Thou shall call His name Jesus." Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet.

Then away down east of the Jordan, over desert places, the wise men had grown curious and strangely moved in their spirits because they had "seen His star in the east."

Now all these expectations were not fantastic dreams or groundless forebodings; they were the result of the moving forward of the will and purposes of God which would culminate in the vindication of His Word spoken by the mouth of His prophets that one should come who would actually be as "God with us."

It has been said that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization. Well, we will not begrudge the old dispensation any of the joys that came to them from their conviction-born expectations, but we shall do well to copy their good example as we approach this, another anniversary of the birth of Christ.

Our highest expectations cannot reach the lofty heights of His possibilities, for "He can do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Our deepest need cannot outgrow or cancel the expectations raised by the promise, "God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." With these exceeding great and precious promises let us approach this season, for the giving of gifts with great expectations, remembering that he who gets must give.



Colonel Knott writes regarding conditions in Palestine on good authority. Twenty years ago he lived in Jerusalem for nearly twelve months, and traveled from Dan to Beerheba.

Then, during the Great War, the Colonel was appointed Chaplain to the Egyptian Expeditionary Forces, and once again visited Palestine. When General Allenby's forces marched into Jerusalem he accompanied them, and afterwards travelled as far north as Aleppo and Armenia.

evil things beyond the chance of reappearing. Sins are to be cast into it and offenders with millstones round their necks.

The desert was Israel's real neighbor. The Israelite knew its horrors and yet loved it. Some authorities speak of a sand depth of 600 feet—yet it is not all consecrated to death and will never be so long as the nomad Arabs and their flocks keep wandering. The Arab fears the walled city. The desert has even broken the barrier of the Jordan and encroached west of the river. The fierce storms drive the sand into the country and only by sheer force of physical effort on the part of the farmers is the desert held in check.

Palestine still bears the fiery breath of the desert—its winds blast the crops and destroy the cattle.

Visitors from the West are often disappointed and as they move from place to place their wonder grows as they recall the Biblical descriptions of the land flowing with milk and honey.

A man coming in from the desert sees trees and fountains, not as they are in themselves, but as they contrast with the burning sands. The sound of wind through the rustling leaves or the ripple of the water are to him as the speech of a god. The very barrenness of the desert becomes a challenge to hope and faith—"streams shall break forth there and the desert shall blossom as the rose."

Glad tidings are found, David, Elijah, Paul, Mohammed, all betook themselves to the solitude. Jesus was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness.

Palestine's worst enemy was her wickedness. The land was a place of decaying body and shiftless spirit. A glimpse of the country suggests it. It is not merely stoned, but it seems to have been stoned to death for its own sins. The scattered ruins of old vineyards and village walls, neglected plains and valleys once rich, were turned into a wilderness, the hillsides where terracing and irrigation flourished were monuments of decay. Palestine was an ideal training ground for a nation to learn righteousness.

The great Healer is still going about the land doing good and although unrecognized He, the Christ, is gradually winning back the country to Himself.

Having now given some glimpses of the land of Palestine—where Christmas was created—let me conclude with some thoughts springing therefrom and having a particular application to the great Festival we are celebrating at this season of the year.

CHIRSTMASTIDE has many pleasing characteristics—the young look forward to it as a season for

God's Gift to You ::

God gave! He is always giving, but Christmas commemorates the greatest of all His gifts.

The heart that desires a satisfying foundation upon which to build confidence in God can most surely find it in contemplation of this aspect of His all-abounding goodness.

Men give for various reasons. They give because they expect to receive in return. They give because they fear that to withhold will bring trouble upon them. They give for a thousand reasons which better knowledge would show to be foolish.

But God is not subject to the limitations of human nature. He is almighty, and so is not influenced by fear. He is all-wise, and so never acts foolishly. Thus when God gives the heart may find in the gift the truest satisfaction, knowing without the shadow of a doubt that His giving is that of pure love.

Many gifts may come to you this Yuletide, but none can compare with God's priceless gift of Salvation through His Son, freely given and yours but for the taking. Despite it not.

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN
The Salvation Army

IN CANADA EAST
NEWFOUNDLAND AND BERMUDA
GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
LONDON, ENGLAND

Territorial Commander—
Commissioner CHARLES SOWTON
James and Albert Street, Toronto

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All Editorial Communications should be addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Marriage:—

Captain Roland DeChamp, out of Shelburne, stationed at Parrsboro, to Captain Lillie Simons, out of Toronto VI, last stationed at Springhill, on November 3rd, 1925, at Parrsboro, by Major Ritchie.

CHARLES SOWTON,
Commissioner.

GREETINGS

As the gracious and hallowed season of Christmas again approaches, we gladly seize this opportunity to extend to every one of our readers those friendly greetings and hearty good wishes we would be so happy to express to each of you face to face on Christmas morning.

We wish you and yours a Christmastide of peace and plenty and good health, made glad by the gifts of love and friendship and sweet memories. May also, happiness and every worth-while thing attend your footsteps throughout the New Year, and may there be nothing to mar the gladness of the way.—"The War Cry."

THE GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY SCHEME

Encouraging reports are being received from all over the Territory in regard to the progress of this scheme. Sales of work, demonstrations, musical festivals, and special efforts of various kinds are proving fruitful income-gatherers in this connection.

Fifteen pledges have already been received for the provision of a village hall, costing \$500.00. They are as follows: Halifax 1, Montreal 1, Dovercourt, West Toronto, Ottawa 1, Yorkville, Riverdale, Windsor, the Toronto Temple, Hamilton I, St. Thomas, Training Garrison, Saint John 1 and III (combined).

We are hoping to hear from about twelve more in the near future.

\$500.00 has been donated by Dr. and Mrs. Conroy, Toronto, and arrangements have been made to use the money in building a hall at Tittiville, South Travancore. "Conroy Hall" will be the name of the building.

Another warm friend in the person of Mr. D. D. Moshier, Toronto, has contributed \$500.00 for a hall to be erected. "In loving memory of Mary Jane Moshier," his wife.

Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Duce will arrive in Canada East in January, and it is expected that their presence and ministry in our midst will considerably stimulate interest in our missionary work.

OUR BUSY LEADER

As we go to press the Commissioner, with Mrs. Sowton, is in the thick of a Salvation Campaign down east. Sunday and Monday, December 6th and 7th, were spent at Montreal 1 and Sherbrooke respectively. The next point of attack was scheduled for Sussex, in the Maritimes. Moncton, Sackville, Summerside, and Charlottetown, P.E.I., are also being visited.

Upon his return to Toronto the Commissioner will face a number of Yuletide engagements in the Queen City, and will spend the last night of 1925 at the Toronto Temple. It will thus be seen that our Territorial Leader winds up the year with a tightly packed fortnight of meetings, although, to be sure, no more tightly packed than any other season of Commissioner Sowton's busy life.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Courrades and friends will be sorry to hear that the marked improvement in the Chief Secretary's health, which took place in the Summer, has not been maintained, and he is again suffering with anaemia and low blood pressure. In the circumstances, and consequent upon urgent medical advice, arrangements are being made for him to spend a few weeks in a warmer climate.

We bespeak prayer for the Colonel, who has rendered invaluable and busy service to The Army for the past thirty-seven years, and will not take easily to absence from the battle's front. Mrs. Powley, who will feel the enforced separation keenly, will also have a sure place in the remembrance of all.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

It is going with a swing. The Editorial Department is being deluged with reports giving accounts of soul-saving victories. Many Corps where converts are usually made in ones and twos, have been enjoying seasons of exceptional blessing, and seekers have literally lined the pentent-form during the past few weeks.

The Commissioner is delighted with the hearty manner in which Officers and comrades are co-operating in carrying out the plan set forth in the campaign booklet.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Santa Claus is now busily engaged at Territorial Headquarters, getting his sack packed with good things. But you will not see The Army Santa Claus unless you are poor or without a job, or friendless, or up against it.

The Territorial Social Secretary and his army of workers, are turning up their shirt-sleeves, and scores of others are to be in attendance on the general old happiness-bringer.

You will remember the joy Santa Claus brought in his train last year. In Toronto alone 47,983 men were fed in street line-ups, over 8,000 breakfasts were supplied to poor men who slept in Police Stations, 9,772 beds and meals were given to other needy souls, 4,636 temporary and permanent jobs were found for men, 900 needy men were given a New Year's dinner, 907 families were supplied with a Christmas dinner, 1,609 families were supplied with provisions for one week, while 6,300 pieces of clothing, furniture, etc., were distributed.

This year 900 Christmas baskets will be distributed amongst needy families. They will contain beef, a Christmas pudding, and almost a week's provisions. Christmas cheer will also be distributed to men and women prisoners in Ontario and other parts, and also to the wounded soldiers in Christie Street Hospital. Clothing will be given to the needy and there are many other projects to bring some gladness to the less fortunate, states Colonel Noble, the Financial Secretary.

You, reader, can assist in this happiness-scattering by sending along your cheque to Commissioner Sowton, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

Commissioner and

Mrs. Sowton

Conduct Bright, Busy and Blessed
SUNDAY CAMPAIGN in MONTREAL

FURLoughing MISSIONARY OFFICERS PARTICIPATE

INITIALLING the Commissioner's "Down east" tour was a Sunday campaign spent with Mrs. Sowton in the Island Metropolis — Montreal.

The day was commenced at the Alexandre Men's Metropole. Recently renovated without and within, this handsome edifice is a building of which The Army has cause to be proud. The meeting place was packed to overflowing, and a warm greeting was extended by Major Byers and Field-Major Parsons to the Territorial Leaders. What song is more appropriate for such a crowd of friendless men than "What a Friend we have in Jesus?" And to hear those men sing!

It was not without significance that the remarks made from the platform during the meeting were punctuated with many fervent "Hal jahs" and "Amen"—an evidence surely of the good work already wrought.

The heart-messages uttered by Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton found their mark. Tangible evidence of this was forthcoming in the concluding hallowed moments when seven raised their hands, signifying their desire for prayer, and three made a public surrender. One of these seekers had been in jail all summer and in this memorable way abominated his release. What better way could he find?

Montreal Citadel was the scene of glorious triumphs during the remainder of the day. Of more than usual interest was the presence of Captain and Mrs. Little, visitors from China, who are furloughing at present in Montreal. In this, as in other meetings, they were made doubly welcome, for Mrs. Little is one of their own "girls."

Mrs. Major Macdonald, in the absence of the Divisional Commander, owing to indisposition, warmly welcomed the Territorial Leaders in the early part of the meeting.

A message, pregnant with light, was uttered by Mrs. Sowton. "We can tie the hands of God," she said, "by our unwillingness. The secret of a Christian's success is in being obedient." Meaningful words. "Of course there would be obstacles and set-backs, but," she continued, "the joy of the Lord will be your strength."

The gist of the Commissioner's address, which was attentively heard, and we believe heeded, was that the eyes of the true disciple should be fixed upon God, and that nothing should be permitted to distract his attention. Many true-to-life distractions were mentioned and their danger, perhaps hitherto unrecognized to a certain extent, was vividly portrayed. One seeker came forward for the blessing.

The comrades of Montreal may not be given to a violent display of emotions, but there is a solidarity and a sincerity about them which is felt rather than seen. Bearing this in mind there is every reason to believe that much was accomplished during the Holiness meeting that will endure.

The East linked hands with the West in the afternoon. Captain and Mrs. Little, attired in the bright-colored costumes of the land of their adoption, made a vivid splash of color against the more sombre hues uniforms on the platform. Their presence was the more fitting in view of the missionary character of the meeting.

There were many interesting episodes during the afternoon. Mrs. Commandant Tuck was presented by Mrs. Commissioner Sowton with a Long Service Badge indicating twenty-five years' Officership. The birthday box,

in accordance with the usual custom, was produced and many deposited therein coppers, equivalent to the number of their years. The Band essayed, with pleasing effect, the selection "In Human's Praise," one of the latest in the Festival series.

Mrs. Captain Little, when called upon by the Commissioner to speak, related vividly some of her experiences in the Orient. Though she felt it was grand to be home once again, she assured her audience that she was quite prepared to return to China, for she dearly loved the people. Of the rapid march of The Army's work she had an encouraging report. There were, when she landed nine years ago, only two Corps in the country. There are now fifty, and the work continues to grow. The greatest difficulty was not to get crowds but to accommodate them.

Captain Little, whose name in Chinese signifies "fruit and trees," also spoke, and his remarks concerning the great Chinese Republic were especially enlightening.

In concluding this memorable meeting, Mrs. Sowton's words were extremely fitting. "We do praise God," she said, "that His Salvation supplies the needs of all peoples. We must still continue to spread the glorious news of liberty and light."

Gracious influences prevailed during the final gathering, and the wave of conviction which swept over the meeting, and the surrenders were undoubtedly the result of the mighty spirit of faith and prayer that was exercised by Officers and comrades alike. Major Byers' petition in prayer was beautifully supplemented by the appealing song of the Songsters.

Captain Little gave a convincing talk, and that resolute trio-Sergeant-Major Colley, Treasurer Douglas and Secretary Pryde, who were at the front of the battle all day, contributed their quota to the success of the meeting.

Our Leader and Mrs. Sowton both spoke with effect. The Commissioner silhouetted a well-known figure in the New Testament, and drew a powerful lesson therefrom. God's Spirit was felt in power in the prayer meeting, which was led by Adriah Wright. The fruit of the effort was seen in six sinners kneeling to the Cross.

TERSEITIES

Brother W. V. Smith, an old and faithful Salvation Soldier, resident at Odessa, has been promoted to Glory.

Edwin Brett, Ottawa Hospital, has been ill for several weeks; Captain M. Bottomley, of Hamilton Rescue Home, recently underwent an operation at Bloor Street Hospital, and Captain Edith Dixon, who for some time has been ill, is now recovering. Pray for these comrades.

Huifox Hospital Graduation ceremony will take place early in January.

Mr. Alfred Maguire, former Mayor of Toronto, is announced to reside over the Bazaar of Dovercourt Temple, and Riverdale Corps, at the Toronto Temple, on the evening of Monday, December 28th.

Sympathy is extended to Sister Mrs. King (wife of Bandmaster King, of Toronto Temple). Our comrade has received word of the passing of her mother, a highly esteemed veteran Salvationist, of Perth, Scotland.

Mr. A. Norman, an early-day Officer of The Salvation Army in Canada, has passed away in Hamilton. Retiring as Officer-in-Charge, he remained in the service, our promoted brother and his wife remaining loyal friends of The Army. Sister Smith will remember Mr. Norman in prayer at this time.

UNDER THE FLAG IN CANADA EAST DURING 1925

TO TAKE the retrospective view may not always be the dictate of wisdom. They are, however, many cases where it is justified. Men of arms, who have emerged victorious from battle, may gather fresh courage and determination from viewing, during a lull in a combat, their valiant exploits. Even so, the soldier of Christ never fails to find renewed confidence, and to discover songs awakening in his heart, from a



MRS. BOOTH, distinguished leader of our Fall Congress gatherings.

glimpse back, with its reminders of how "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Thus, for us Salvationists of Canada East to give recollection a few minutes play as we approach the threshold of a New Year, will furnish impulse to step forward to the unknown with buoyant, optimistic stride, and yet bigger faith for a year of victorious conquest for the great Cause in which we wield our blades.

Recall January, 1925, and the Territorial Commander's inspiring battle-cry to the "War Another Campaign" re-echoes in one's ears. It was a call that set hearts astir, and stirred Salvationists, young and old, to renewed onslaught on the powers of evil.

The magnificent spirit of our Territorial Leader, who, supported by Mrs. Sowton and Colonel Adby, conducted campaigns all over the Territory—in one strenuous nine days' campaign he held nineteen meetings—was not the least of the inspirational factors, and he was ably seconded in his endeavors by the Chief Secretary and other prominent Officers of the Territory.

The outcome was seen, during the months which followed, in an all round strengthening of The Army's many-sided endeavor.

These were cold months, and the Social Officers were not the least busy of persons; free meals to hungry men, hostel facilities, cheap clothing for the poor — all these things take handling, and represent but a fragmentary glimpse of the Social activities during the Winter months.

One can but briefly mention many of the salient happenings as the year progressed. Among these must be noted the growth of "The Young Soldier" from a twelve-page to a fully mature sixteen-page; the Commissioner's celebration, on January 16th, of his sixtieth birthday, and the opening of the new Citadel at Toronto's parent Corps, the corner stone of which was laid by the General during the previous year. This event furnished an impressive reminder of The Army's advent in the turbulent days of '82, since which such truly marvellous strides have been made.

Closed on the heels of this opening

"What mercies have marked the road! The backward gaze should give a tonic to faith and purpose, and an impetus to determination that should make the new year glisten with exploits for the Kingdom which will outshine any yet emblazoned on the records of the past."

came another addition to The Army's property list in the Territory, Lady Byng, wife of Canada's Governor-General, opening a new Rescue Home in the Capital City—spoken of as the best equipped of such institutions in the Dominion. When it is remembered that 499 unmarried mothers found sanctity in Salvation Army Homes last year the real value to our Social Work of such a building will be recognized. The Home, which has accommodation for fifty women and children, involved an expenditure of \$42,331.

The following week saw Commissioner Sowton opening a finely-located and beautiful Hall at Verdun, still another Citadel at Cobourg, and witnessed the flinging open of the doors of the charmingly-appointed Catherine Booth Mothers' Hospital in Montreal by General Sir Arthur Currie.

In February, also, came an impressive day of Young People's Councils conducted by the Territorial Commander and Mrs. Sowton, when over 1,300 young people attended, and 153 knelt at the Altar.

An event which stands out boldly among its fellows of distinction was the dedication, by the Commissioner, at Lisgar Street, of four young Officers for Missionary service—Captain and Mrs. Welbourn, Captain Leonard Evenden, and Captain Emily Ashby (now Mrs. Captain Barr)—brave hearts who are doing valiant service to-day in the Far East.

This brings us up to Easter with its big Rally and Parade, its mammoth Demonstration in the Massey and its memorable Sunday meetings, events which were quickly followed by a flying visit from Commissioner Mapp, who called at the Queen City during a business visit which took him through Northern America; and a

this gift of bullion for The Salvation War came Canada East's gift of seventy young men and women for service as Officers, the commissioning taking place in Massey Hall in the presence of an enthusiastic gathering.

July recorded the celebration of Founder's Day in Exhibition Park, and a further impressive development in the Women's Social Work was registered when the doors of the enlarged premises of the Women's Hospital in the Queen City, which had been acquired at a cost of nearly \$140,000, were thrown open, the equipment of the premises having been brought into line with the latest developments in medical science.

Newfoundland's thirty-eighth Congress looms large in the picture at this period. During the year the Sub-Territory, under Colouel Cloud, had been recording God-glorifying advances in its various departments of activity, and the Congress Campaign, conducted by Commissioner Sowton, who was accompanied by the Editor, was the occasion of great gatherings, intense spiritual influences, and had fruitage in eighty-two seekers.

August saw a further gift from Canada to non-Christian lands when the Chief Secretary conducted the farewell of Captain and Mrs. Sparks and Captain Hawkes for India, and these comrades were followed to the East a little later by Captains Agnes Willerton and Mary Smith, who were also appointed to India, and Lieutenant Pearl March, who left for China.

During the following month came ninety odd of Canada's zealous youth to the School of the Prophets to train for Officership, and during the same period were recorded important Home League gatherings conducted by Mrs. Commissioner Sowton and the Territorial Home League Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Powley, which inaugurated the Winter efforts of this distinctly helpful phase of Army work.

Interesting visitors from the centre at this time were Commissioner and Mrs. Lamb, who were commencing a world-tour in the interest of Army Immigration affairs, and then came the big event of the year—the Congress. The memorable Massey Hall gatherings, conducted by Mrs. Booth, who was accompanied by Commissioner Mapp and Staff-Captain Dora, will be fresh in the minds of all who were privileged to be present. The Soldiers' and Recruits' Rally, on the Saturday evening, when the capacious hall was filled with a buoyant throng of Salvationists coming from all parts of the Territory, was a prelude to a day's meetings which are written large in Canada East's history. The afternoon gathering, over which His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Harry Cockshutt presided, and the gloriously fruitful evening meetings at the Massey and Pantages, were top-notch events, and Monday night's Demonstration brought to a brilliant conclusion a series of gatherings, the full harvesting of which cannot easily be computed, and which without doubt gave marked impulse to Army endeavor throughout the Territory.

It was about this time that some important Staff changes took place. Colonel Oway's retirement brought Colonel Moore to the chief desk in the Men's Social Department, while

Colonel Adby became Territorial Young People's and Candidates' Secretary, and Lieut-Colonel Hargrave was appointed to the charge of the Subscribers' and Special Efforts Departments. Changes affecting Divisional commandships, included the transfer of Lieut-Colonel Moore to Hamilton Division, Brigadier Blose to East Toront, Major Ritchie to Halifax, Staff-Captain Owen to Sydney, and Staff-Captain Best to Ottawa.

Quickly tumbling over one another came important events such as Armistice Day celebrations, at which The Army was represented by the Chief Secretary, who took part, the flying visit of Colonel Bell, who passed through the Territory on his way back to Australia South, and then, at the beginning of November, the bugle call rang out again as the Territorial Leader called for a great forward push during the Winter months. Adopting the slogan, "Every Soldier a soul-winner," and with the ob-



COMMISSIONER SOWTON, our esteemed Territorial Leader.



COMMISSIONER MAPP, who visited us twice during the year.

further new Hall opening, this time at Greenwood, Toronto's twenty-fourth Corps.

Meanwhile, in Bermuda, the Chief Secretary, supported by the Editor, was conducting an effective campaign which gave a marked impetus to the work in those sun-kissed isles of the sea.

The raising of the record sum of \$272,395 for the Self-Denial Fund was an outstanding happening of the mid-months of the year, and following

on a fifteen per cent all round increase, the campaign has been taken up in a vigorous manner; in one recent week the recorded dispatches from the Field alone totaled over 250 seekers at the mercy-seat.

But could all the multitudinous detail of Army activities, in the Canada East Territory and the Sub-Territory of Newfoundland which clamor for notice be recorded, a whole volume would be required; the accomplishments in the Men's and Women's Social Departments, the activities of the Young People's Branch, and the Immigration Department, as well as the chronicles of the incessant journeys of the Territorial Leaders, the Chief Secretary, the Field Secretary, and other prominent Officers, would each furnish sufficient interesting material for a whole "War Cry."

The golden retrospect is not wholly untouched by cloud. There have passed from our ranks warriors of revered memory who have earned their eternal reward, among the Officers being the veteran Brigadier Alexander McMillan, Commandant Samuel Bishop, of Newfoundland, and Captain Arthur Neville, of Seaforth; and there are others whose names are strongly linked with Canada, including Mrs. Colonel Pugmire, who passed away in England, Staff-Captain Mrs. Walter, of India, and Field-Major Noemie Cabrit.

No Salvationist, glancing back from the 1926 mile-post along the adventurous 1925 road, can fail to be filled with jubilant praise to our never-failing Source of Strength to whose name alone all glory and honor is due.

What mercies have marked the road! The backward gaze should give a tonic to faith and purpose, and an impetus to determination that should make the new year glisten with exploits to the Kingdom which will outshine any yet emblazoned on the outside of yet.



FOR Our Musical Fraternity

THE NEW BAND JOURNAL

Journals No. 935-938

SONGS OF BLESSING FOR EVERY HEART

Shout aloud Salvation.
O ne there is above all others.
N ear Thy cross assembled,
Master.

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Sweet hour of prayer.

O ne there is above all others.
From every stain made clean.

By faith I view my Saviour dying.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.

Extended on a cursed tree.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care.

Into a tent where a gipsy boy lay,

Not of my own, but saved by Jesus.

Give me the wings of Faith to rise.

—W. E. W.

FRESH from the printing machines comes to hand the new Band Journal which contains, as usual, two marches and two selections.

Journal No. 935, "In the Firing Line," is Adjutant Brunwell Coles' latest published march. This is the sort of march which will furnish material for either parade purposes or festival use. It can be easily marred by being taken at too high a tempo. The metronome indication, 112 to the minute, must on no account be exceeded.

There are rhythmic melodies here which cry out loudly not to be hustled and hustled along in the persecuted way so much of our march music is. Bandmasters should see that the drummer understands he must control the tempo on the march, and in the festival, he himself must be prepared to learn from the greatest march playing exponent, Sousa, and take his marches with that steady rhythmic swing which gives a compelling impulse to every bar. Do not be led astray in march playing by the ignorant example of some Bandmasters of secular combinations who hope to gain in effect by rushing a march off its feet and in the end lose far more than they gain.

No. 936 is a selection, "My Shepherd," from the pen of Brigadier Hawkes. The vocal material incorporated includes "The King of Love my Shepherd is," arranged partly for full Band and partly as a euphonium solo. "The Shepherd True," a beautiful song which lingers chiefly in a minor key, is the second item, being treated as a euphonium solo.

The chorus is in quartet form for two cornets and two trombones, with an obligato for the soprano and a vocal accompaniment. This movement is repeated with an entirely new arrangement of parts. The third vocal item is "Jesus, Shepherd of our souls"; the melody, which is of a pastoral character, is chiefly in the horn parts. The well known tune set to the words "Thou Shepherd of Israel," furnishes the final item. This is a fine bold setting with many points of interest.

The selection contains much in the way of contrast and has many arresting moments. There will be a call upon the executive abilities of the players, although the selection should not prove difficult to master.

"Pardon and Peace," a selection by Bandmaster Marshall, is the third number. Designed expressly for Sunday night gatherings, the music endeavors to depict the peace which comes from a perfect knowledge of sins forgiven and a happy relationship with God.

The Army songs incorporated include a tune to the words, "He pardoned a rebel like me," "Oh yes I've saved, to-day," a trombone solo, and "At peace with God," a cornet solo.

There is much music which is at variance with an atmosphere of peace, the idea apparently being to show the turmoil through which the soul passes to peace. There are some difficulties in the selection, the chief being the conflicting rhythms occasionally employed and the tonality.

and some patient practice may be necessary before this number is ready for presentation.

Journal No. 938 furnishes the second march on the sheet. It is entitled "The Ballham March," being written by Bandmaster Sheriff of that Corps in London. This is his first appearance in the Journal, although our comrade has had several of his songs in the "Musical Salvationist." For the bass solo we have the chorus of a song by Brigadier Hawkes entitled, "Lord, hear while we pray," while the trio is comprised of one of the Bandmaster's own song melodies. There is no difficult ground here, and with due attention to various details the march should very quickly take shape.

THE BASS DRUMMER

A WORD TO MEN OF THE STICKS

By Bandsman Charles Hoe (London, Ontario)

Upon every Salvation Army Bandsman is the responsibility of playing his instrument efficiently, and the bass drummer is no exception. He, with the rest, should know how to handle his job.

Our up-to-date music demands a skillful drummer who can read drum music, understand the musical terms which enable him to play with the proper expression, and can keep time.

There is a great tendency for the Band while playing a spirited march to quicken the speed when a double forte passage is reached. But the bass drummer must be the metronome for the Band and not allow speeding up in the louder, and dragging in the softer, passages. He can be a great help to the Bandmaster in this matter.

When playing elsewhere than on the march, the drum should be placed in such a position that, while reading his music, the drummer can see the Bandmaster, so that when the tempo of the music changes, as in an *accel.* or *rall.*, he can work with the Bandmaster to bring the Band to the new tempo.

At no time should the drum be played so loudly as to obscure the playing of the brass. Even in double forte passages, the drummer must remember that his strong right arm wielding the stick and applied to the drum-head is a greater noise producer than any pair of lungs forcing wind through valves and tubes. The drummer who is a true musician is never guilty of this over-loud drumming.

Concerning the use of two sticks, unless a man can really handle them expertly, it is far better just to use one, and be right on the beat and play with expression.

A drummer who fills his job must essentially be a hard worker. He is one of the "burden bearers" of the Band, and, to keep his drum in shape, he must put in extra hours pulling up the rope, polishing the shell, whitening the cord, etc. What looks better than our Army drum kept shining, with cords white, and crest proclaiming to the world our motto "Blood-and-Fire?"

Our Salvation Army drums have often been used as penitent-forms, where sinners have knelt and found Salvation. So, drummer, honor and salvation.

(Continued at foot of next column)

MUSIC FOR HEALTH

"It was suggested to me a little over a year ago that there was a need for an Anthology of Poetry such as a mental tonic and sedative. Only to a sleepless patient, were to be included, conforming to sound rather than subject," writes E. M. Liddell, the compiler of "An Anthology of Quiet Verse."

"Some day, in the remote future, the doctor may prescribe such medicines as Beethoven Op. 101; Bach, Preludio in F sharp minor and B flat minor; "The Paradiso," "Twelfth Night," and the "Sacristy of San Lorenzo in Florence"; or carefully regulated doses of Mozart, Couperin, Botticelli, Ronsard, and Campion; and have recourse to strychnine, pargoric, nitre, and the rest of the pharmacopœia in the case of coarse and stubborn natures," writes Mr. Martin Armstrong in a foreword.

"Then the chemists' shops will be libraries and music stores; and the doctor's prescription will arrive from the dispensary, not in the familiar form of a small white packet sealed with red sealing-wax, but in the larger shape of a brown-paper parcel of books, or perhaps four long-haired persons carrying instrument cases in short, a string quartet."

SONGSTER-LEADER SAYS FAREWELL

After a period of useful service at Lisgar Street Corps, Songster Leader Harry Shaw has returned to Edson Mines, Yorkshire, England. This comrade, though born at Oliphant, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., became a



Songster-Leader Harry Shaw

quainted with The Army when his parents settled at Edson. He became a Junior Soldier, later a Bandsman, and, in time, filled the offices of Band Secretary, Band Sergeant, and ultimately Corps Treasurer. So he knows what strenuous Army activity means.

Coming to Canada nearly three years ago, he, after a period of service at Dovercourt, located at Lisgar Street where he greatly strengthened the cornet section, and assumed the leadership of the Songster Brigade about fifteen months ago.

He will be remembered in Canada as a hard working, happy-hearted and enthusiastic Salvationist, and Canadian Comrades will wish him every blessing and good fortune in the Old Land.

take care of your drum, and let your service be one of zealous endeavor for God and The Salvation Army.

There is no happier man in the Band than the out-and-out Blood-and-Fire Salvation drummer. My ideal Salvation Army drummer is not only a musician but is a man whose soul is on fire for souls, and who has the clean heart experience.

If he attracts attention, as good drummers do, may those attracted be able to exclaim, "Ah, there is a real drummer for you—one whose life is just as clean and shining as his drum!"

In the hands of a drum lover, as a true drummer always is, the drum, as well as the drummer, is a live a to the Corps. Fortunately is the band which possesses such a man.



HAPPENINGS IN THE BUSY WORLD

NEW WEALTH from COAL

CAPTURING WASTE BY-PRODUCTS

At a time when North America is racked by a dispute over the problem of the coal mines, it is almost incredible that there should be so much waste in the use of this national resource. Yet the fact is that we waste half the wealth of our coal, and both masters and men know it. The great heaps of slack that one sees round every mine contain in themselves wealth worth millions if it could be used. The trouble has been that no one has found an efficient process for separating the by-products from the raw coal and utilising what is left in the form of a light and smokeless fuel.

Coal Smoke a Waste

Nature is very wise. She has endowed mankind with intelligence in order that man, by using his intelligence, may enjoy the full benefit of her bounty. In the case of coal the great clouds of smoke that disfigure our cities are simply a living proof of bad fuel consumption. For coal smoke is not only a nuisance; it is a waste. Those dark clouds up in the air are so much gold burning away to the disfigurement of the countryside.

Scientists have known for some years that if coal could be carbonised at a low temperature the result would be to separate from coal-slack a smokeless

A DISCOVERY THAT WILL SAVE STORAGE

A most important invention has been made by a Melbourne engineer, Mr. A. U. Alcock, which will have the effect of making frozen meat cheaper and of helping our own dominions to compete against South America.

Meat sent from the Argentine needs only to be chilled to stand the journey, but meat from Australia and New Zealand, on account of the much longer journey, must be frozen, so that when it arrives here it takes four days or more to become unfrozen. This makes large storage accommodation necessary.

The new process is based on the discovery that a weak electric current, if passed through the carcass, will rapidly warm it, and the simple method has been devised of hanging the meat by special hooks which can be connected to an ordinary electric lamp socket. An alternating current will unfreeze a carcass in twenty-four hours, or four times as quickly as at present, thus saving three-quarters of the immense storage room now required.

AMERICA'S FIRST MEN

A Florida Discovery

There has been discovered in Florida a crushed human skull associated with stone arrowheads and the remains of the mammoth and the mastodon.

Above the stratum containing these relics have been found pottery and an accumulation of shells, while in the sands beneath occur teeth of horses, camels, and the sabre-toothed tiger.

The discovery is of importance, because a wide difference of opinion has been expressed as to whether prehistoric man ever existed in America. As long ago as 1846, the famous geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, paid a visit to Natchez, on the left bank of the Mississippi, to examine the site where a human bone was said to have been found, thirty feet from the surface, with bones of the mastodon nearby.

The recent discovery made seems to support the reality of that made in Natchez, and it is difficult to think of any reason why man did not exist in America in those times.

THE DINOSAUR

For thousands of years the giant lizards called Dinosaurs were monarchs of the world. Nothing so huge (except perhaps the whale) has ever been born. How came it to pass that those great lazy lizards died out? No animal of their time would have dared to attack them, yet long before man appeared they had disappeared off the planet.

Dr. E. Slosson has now made the interesting suggestion that they were attacked in a very mean way by the first mammals, little cat-like creatures. The dinosaurs laid eggs, and Dr. Slosson suggests that the mammals exterminated them by eating their eggs. He points out that to-day the ichneumon fly destroys whole colonies of crocodiles in the sunnō way.

WORTH WHILE SAYINGS of the WEEK

"There are excellent people ready to do anything for their country, but not always to do something for the man next door."—The British Home Secretary.

"The dummy gun opposite a hospital at Hyde Park Corner (London) perpetuates a spirit which the Church should combat. You cannot have it both ways. Is it to be a Gun or a Cross?"—Lady Oxford.

"I look forward to the day when the presence of a blind person among us will be as rare as a swallow in October."—The British Minister of Health.

"The great British asset is peace."—Lord Salisbury.

"The one way to guard against such an appalling condition (the clash of color) is to emphasize the idea of the fellowship of all races and countries in one great spiritual unity based upon a loyalty to a common Lord."—The Rev. Canon Cody.

"The only deep, lasting happinesses are health of body and mind, and heart and soul—clear eyes, strong limbs, a vigorous mind rejoicing in its own activities and with opportunities to do its best and most con-

genial work; a warm heart able to love and to sympathise with others' joys and sorrows, a living soul believing in God and beauty and goodness and immortality. Those who find happiness of such a kind on such a basis have found the best thing God can give them."—Dr. R. C. Macfie.

"I believe in the great potency of the British people. They have risen to the topmost heights, and now they should cultivate great heartiness, love, and abolish tiger qualities."—Anagarika Dharmapala, Buddhist monk.

"When Europe begins to look forward, she will move forward."—Mr. Churchill.

"Nearly all the criticism I get is like that of the weary mother who said to the nurse, 'Just go upstairs and see what Tommy is doing, and tell him not to.'"—Mr. Baldwin.

"The Biblical short story, of which the Book of Ruth is an example, is still one of the finest in all literature. Notwithstanding the literary excellence of the Bible, makers of readers and other text-books too rarely draw from it for their selections."—Mr. H. N. Sherwood.

solid fuel on the one hand, and on the other valuable oils and coal-gas. It is true that attempts have been made on an extensive scale to produce these effects by the process known as low-temperature carbonisation, but the machinery was not efficient.

But now a remarkable man named Charles Winser, famous as an inventor of engineering appliances, claims to have made an oven which will do the work of low-temperature carbonisation properly.

What Cheap Fuel Means

His coal oven is an adaptation of a pottery oven which he invented some years ago. Its chief feature is the fact that it rotates in a series of jerks, moving the coal-slack on throughout the process of drawing off the various by-products such as tar, oils, and sulphate of ammonia, and capturing the gases that now run to waste. Men of importance in industry and politics have examined Mr. Winser's claims, and they think he has probably found the right way out.

If so it will mean that the cost of fuel and gas will be a fraction of their present cost.

"SWORDS AND PLOUGH-SHARES"

No half-way measures at disarmament will suit Germany, she asserts. The Krupp Works have converted their big Bertha guns into a factory for typewriters and baby carriages. Deutsche Werke, near Berlin, is making beds and cigarette lighters, instead of ammunition. The Heligoland fort has been razed.

Now the Government has gone one better by converting the former submarine harbour at Heligoland into a lobster hatchery. The building which formerly housed torpedoes, fuel and submarine supplies has a sign: "Biological Institute."

The reason the Government is taking an interest in the lobsters' welfare is that they are selling for four dollars a pound in Berlin.

CHINA'S TROUBLES Can any Good be Done?

In the midst of the marchings and counter-marchings of rival Chinese generals, a conference has assembled at Pekin to consider the claim of the Chinese Government to be allowed to increase the duties on imported goods. It is by their control of the Chinese Customs revenue that the Powers have hitherto made sure of China's payment of the interest on loans and war debts contracted long ago, and have prevented anti-foreign feeling from keeping out foreign goods; but at Washington it was agreed that China must now be allowed a voice in the matter, and a definite increase of duties was promised.

The difficulty in the way of the Conference is the war between the rival generals in China. The generals have no support from the mass of the people, whom they compel to feed their soldiers; they are simply out for the plunder they can get. The question is how the people are to get rid of them, to get a Government that can control them. The Conference will do anything it can to strengthen the hands of the Government, but it cannot put down the generals for them, and if the Government is allowed to increase the duties it cannot guarantee that imports will reach their destination without further charges.

There are local duties the traders would like to get rid of, but far worse than these are the unlawful taxes the generals impose at every turn, and about these any promises the central Government may be willing to make are of no use at all. Many people think that for these reasons it was useless for the Conference to meet.

A BARREL FULL OF SOVEREIGNS

The Government of Afghanistan has just sent by steamer to Naples in a number of small barrels six thousand and British sovereigns for the Italian Government. They are the price of the life of an Italian engineer named Piperno.

Sigñor Piperno got into a street brawl in Kabul in which he killed an Afghan. He was arrested, but on paying money to the dead man's relatives he was allowed to escape. Such is the comfortable custom in Afghanistan. But somehow or other he managed to get himself rearrested, and this time he was tried and executed for the murder in accordance with the custom farther West.

But the Italian Government was angry about it. It said the Afghans would not have it both ways; either the money or the life of Sigñor Piperno has been unfairly forfeited, and as his life could not be restored there must be money payment.

Bowing to the logic of this argument the Afghan Government has paid, in the picturesque way described. Thus is justice—Eastern and Western Brand alike—publicly vindicated!

ANIMALS AND MUSIC

A violinist recently gave a free performance to the inhabitants of the London Zoological Gardens, and the effect of his playing upon some of his audience was rather curious to observe, according to a correspondent. The serpents, lizards, and scorpions seemed to be the most appreciative of all; some of them became quite agitated, while others hurried in the direction whence the sounds proceeded and listened attentively. The bears, sheep, bears, bison, and zebras all evinced keen interest in the performance, but the wolves, foxes and elephants slept the sleep of the bored. The monkeys were divided in their regard; some of them craned their necks with curiosity and listened with their hand behind their ears, while others chattered merrily, or critically took themselves away.

A WELCOME IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE

Among the Lumber Jacks CHAPLEAU, AND BISOTASING OUTPOST

Captain Blake, Lieuts. Pinkney and Tilley

Whilst visiting the lumber camp recently two of the Officers met two missionaries of similar interests—the Rev. C. Woodbury and Dr. Goudier. During the eighteen-mile tramp they spoke warm words concerning The Army. Seeing they were to travel by Chapleau, they accepted the invitation to reside with the Officers during the week-end. This time was spent in the appearance of the open-air meetings on Saturday night, when both spoke much attention.

The Sunday services were of great help. On reaching the final meeting of the day, we rejoiced over three penitents finding pardon. Dr. Goudier gave a fifteen-minute talk which was enjoyed by all and the Rev. Mr. Woodbury followed with address. The work at Bisotasing, an outpost, is progressing at a rapid pace. The Soldiers are full of enthusiasm and the meetings are being held at the home of Brother and Sister Phillips. Crowds gather and much interest is aroused. At present a Hall is being erected; the menfolk are very active and the girls are giving their labor freely for its completion. The Young People's Work is going ahead rapidly, and the Company Meetings are growing. Recently, Sister Newton was commissioned as Young People's Sergeant-Major and is very devoted to her responsibility. Sister Sawyer, the Band of Loyalty, takes great interest in this section and is doing well. We are praying for an outpouring of God's Spirit upon here in lonely Chapleau during the Winter Campaign.

BROCK AVENUE

Captain and Mrs. Warrander

We had here recently Mayor and Mrs. Richards of Hamilton. The Envoy's life story proved interesting, while the singing of Mrs. Richards was of great blessing. In the Holiness meeting God came very near and one sister consecrated her life to God. In the Salvation meeting at night one seeker surrendered. Our Saturday night meetings are proving a great success.

LEAMINGTON

Ensign and Mrs. Harrison

On Sunday, November 29th, Major and Mrs. Bristow came to visit. Our souls were uplifted and our hearts burned within us. The Holiness meeting was a deep, heart-searching time, and as the Major spoke, our standards were being measured, and our weaknesses revealed, and seven comrades sought the Blessing of Full Salvation. Several seekers, including a mother and daughter, recent converts, were enrolled. As Mrs. Major Bristow spoke, her words gripped the audience and seven seekers surrendered. In the Company meeting on Sunday afternoon, at which our visitors were present, sixteen young people yielded to the Saviour's Call, making altogether thirty seekers during the day.

ST. CATHARINES

Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer

The Home League (Secretary, Mrs. Adams) held their annual Sale of Stock on Wednesday afternoon, November 25th, in the Citadel. The proceedings were opened at 3 p.m. by Mrs. Smith, wife of the Major, and a very good crowd was in attendance. Mrs. Smith spoke very warmly of The Army's work in this city. Every member worked untiringly to make the effort a success. Our Home League Roll is increasing in numbers and the attendance is very encouraging.

WALLACEBURG

Ensigns Chittenden and Stokes

Major Pittman and his wife, a visiting Friend, attended Holiness meetings, when there were present also the Officers and comrades from Dresden and Ridgeway. A helpful time was spent and at the close two seekers found Christ.

OTTAWA I

Commandant and Mrs. Urquhart

The past week-end has been one of real blessing and inspiration at Ottawa. The meetings on Corps' Citadel Sunday were conducted by Mrs. Colonel Abby, who chose as her theme for the day's services the consecration of lives to God's service. In the Holiness meeting

The Winter Campaign slogan—"EVERY SOLDIER A SOUL-WINNER."

a brother gave himself afresh to God. The usual services were held, and a special in the hands of the Corps' Cadet band, "It did not." Corps' Cadet Neum read an essay on "The Advantages of Corps' Citizenship," which proved very instructive. During the Sunday evening an altar service in connection with the Indian Village Hall Scheme was held. At the close of an hour, two penitents knelt at the Cross for forgiveness.

Read these *Chronicles of Victories* Won in all parts of our Wide-flung Territory

UXBRIDGE

Captain Hall, Lieutenant Ritchie

On a recent Wednesday Brigadier Bliss visited the Corps. The newly organized Life-Saving Scout Troop, which is a corps of young men, gathered for a closing open-air service, led by the Brigadier, who is not quite a stranger to us here, and many gathered around to hear him speak of the great promises of God. Inside a good crowd gathered, many young people among them, and the Brigadier spoke of the needful. God's name is our shield and many felt the divine touch. A blessed sight awaited us, four coming forward to give their hearts to Jesus.

NEW LISKEARD

Captain and Mrs. Cornthwaite

At the conclusion of good week-end's meetings our faith was rewarded by several young people volunteering to the mercy-seat. All the comrades are working hard to make the Winter Campaign a success. The Young People's Work is specially encouraging; the newly appointed Young People's Sergeant-Major and her workers are in for victory.

PETERBORO

Commandant and Mrs. Smith

During the past week fifteen more seekers have come to the mercies-seat. This makes a total of forty-two since the beginning of the campaign. We praise God for what He is doing but we are anticipating greater things yet. We are forging ahead for a fifteen per cent. increase. Special meetings are held each in Brownton every Sunday evening. These meetings are well attended and of great blessing. The splendid work is in progress amongst the Juniors.

MONTREAL I

Ensign and Mrs. McBain

The Songsters recently paid a surprise visit to the home of Sister McMillan, who has been laid aside for many months. Mrs. Captain Little, from China, accompanied the Songsters and rendered a solo in Chinese to the delight of all. We ask the prayers of all Salvatorian for our sick sister, who is doing as well as can be expected considering the very severe nature of the accident which she sustained. Continue to remember her in prayer, also her husband, Songster Leader Alex McMillan.

Corps Cadets' Good Day

PARRY SOUND

Captain and Mrs. Dickinson

The week-end service proved to be a time of real soul-saving. The Corps Cadet Guardian, Sister Pearl Robinson, with the Corps Cadets, led the service. The Cadets delivered some helpful messages and the Guardian gave a very interesting and instructive talk on "Eternal Fighting." The band under Bandmaster Scott, rendered splendid service throughout the day. Six seekers responded to having found peace. These converts are making a bold stand for God. Two applications were filed in for Corps Cadets' posts during the week-end. Great interest is being exhibited in our Soldiers' meetings and rich times of blessing are being experienced.

NORTH TORONTO

Captains Chapman and Dunkin

Our Home League Sale, held on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, proved successful beyond all expectations. The comrades worked up solidly for this event and \$171.00 was the amount realized. During the week-end a concert program of instrumental and vocal selections was provided by comrades of the Corps. Mrs. Myers, who has more than once proved herself a warm friend of North Toronto Corps, presided over the opening ceremonies, being supported by Mrs. Brigadier Bliss and Mrs. Major Thompson, the League Secretary. On Sunday Major and Mrs. Thompson conducted a series of five gatherings. Each of the services was highly interesting and of great blessing, and the visitors' earnest talks caused much conviction to be evidenced.

SHERBROOKE

Captain and Mrs. Bell

Our Winter Campaign is progressing in real earnest. During the last two weeks we have numbered our meetings toward the Blessing of a Clean Heart and for Salvation. Our Sunday morning open-air are the means of blessing and help to many. The Officers have had quite a few requests to hold open-air in various districts. On Sunday last, the meetings all day were of an uplifting character and at night six comrades sought the Blessing and four sinners found Salvation.

HALIBURTON

Captain Clarke

On a recent Saturday night we had a record attendance at the open-air and we believe the messages that went forth had a telling effect upon the large crowd of listeners and others who were interested. The new Divisional Commander, Brigadier Bassett, with Staff-Captain Cameron, visited us on a recent Monday and a splendid crowd gathered. His message was used of God to bring conviction to several souls and also blessing to God's children. Our cottage meetings which are held with great interest continue to attract good crowds and the one held on December 2nd will long be remembered because of the nearness of the Month of God, and a record crowd which attended the same. So large was the crowd that it was necessary to borrow chairs from neighbor to accommodate all.

CHATHAM

Ensign and Mrs. Waters

The services on Corps Cadet Guard were conducted by the Cadets and their Guardian, Brother Macdonald. The services were all well attended and the Cadets did well. A gracious service the Master's presence was felt in the Holiness meetings and in the afternoons, songs and dances and a number of testimonies of helpful character were given. A fine crowd turned out for the evening service when a young man and young woman knelt at the mercy-seat. On Monday the Life-Saving Guards gave a program which was well received and successful. The home included a few and the audience were. Guard Leader Mrs. Chisholm and her staff of assistants take a great interest in the girls, an interest which is reflected in the fine Troop they have built up.

LISGAR STREET

Adjutant and Mrs. Condie

Adjutant Spamer, Assistant Adjutant, Young People's Secretary, was with us during last week-end. Throughout the Sunday afternoon meetings, the Life-Saving Scouts appeared in full regalia and magnificently supplemented the efforts of our "special." Sunday was a memorable day and particularly memorable was the finish. At the hour of concluding, which was not far off midnight, twelve victories were won, and registered amid great cheering. Monday night saw another good crowd of young people on hand and they were manifestly helped by the Adjutant's words.

ST. THOMAS

Field-Major and Mrs. Hedges

Field-Major and Mrs. Hedges

Sunday, November 29th, the Corps Cadets' meeting was held in the front under Captain Weston and Sergeant Mrs. Weston. The Sunday afternoon meeting took the form of a perplexed meeting, and we believe that through the renderings and songs from these Army personnel many people were blessed. On Sunday evening the Corps' Garrison gave a fine entertainment at the Cross. Five new Cadets were added to our Brigade, which now numbers nineteen.



A "War Cry" reader's graphic visioning of the ever-alert Salvationist's effort to rescue from peril the spiritually blind.

HAMILTON IV

Adjutant and Mrs. Graves

In the Holiness meeting a Love Feast was held and many were the blessings obtained as the comrades broke bread with each other. Best of all one seeker sought the Blessing of a Clean Heart. At the same time the Company gathered and interceded in prayer on behalf of his love who was sick. The Adjutant faithfully delivered the message and in the prayer meeting which followed five seekers surrendered. One of these a woman, had left the meeting, but God's Spirit so drove with her that she came back and was received again. The next Saturday we held a Half-Night of Prayer conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Moore and Staff-Captain Ritchie. So definitely manifested was the presence of God that many who only intended staying for part of the time fell they could not leave the meeting until the conclusion.

TORONTO TEMPLE

Adjutant and Mrs. Ham

The second of the special monthly Festivals, like the first, was a great success. Each section of the Band was responsible for a program and variety and since is thus added to these interesting meetings. The various musical and instrumental items gave much delight. The budding Y.P.C. Singing Company, under Leader Mrs. Ford, delighted all present with two selections from the Musical Salvationist Cadet Grant, from the Training Garrison, gave the Bide-a-Waiting. A large and interested congregation was present. Adjutant Showden presiding.

TORONTO WEST HOLINESS MEETING

Following a splendidly helpful series of Divisional Holiness Meetings held in December, the Sunday night meeting was held in the Toronto Citadel and the Band and Songsters attached to that Corps were in attendance and rendered material assistance. The Songster Brigade's two selections were finely in keeping with the occasion and proved effective. Of the opportunity to testify, both Officers and Girls availed themselves gladly and made this season of no little help. Brigadier Burrows' address was thought-provoking and the earnest prayer meeting which followed saw three seekers claiming victory.

TORONTO EAST HOLINESS MEETING

The second of the series of the United Holiness Meetings was held in the East Toronto Citadel on Friday, December 4th, conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Bliss and the Officers of the Division. A good crowd gathered, and a wonderful spirit was manifested throughout the meeting. Spiritual services were given and among the speakers by the East Toronto Band and Songsters. The meeting was thrown open for testimonies, several giving evidence of the Holy Spirit dwelling in them. Ensign Thomas, of Montreal, was present, and also spoke. Following a duet sung by Captain J. Thomas and Lieutenant Jolly of Woodbine Corps, Ensign Weston, of North York Corps, who was the speaker of the evening, gave a very helpful address.

FOR THE RETURNING WANDERER

The Field Secretary at Owen Sound

The week-end, Saturday and Sunday, November 28th and 29th, was an important occasion at Owen Sound, as much as it was the opening of three district meetings and Officers' councils, led by Colonel Miller, the Field Secretary, who was assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel McAmond and Staff-Captain Sparks of the London Division.

The meetings were well attended and were interesting and inspiring. "The Scripture reading under Two Flags" was the subject of an interesting address by the Colonel on Sunday afternoon. In the absence of His Worship Mayor Christie, the chairman was Alderman Wm. Foster, who extended a welcome to the visiting Officers. His address stressed as being in thorough sympathy with the work of The Army and was always delighted to come to their meetings. Colonel Miller

The Winter Campaign slogan, "EVERY SOLDIER A SOUL-WINNER."

was tendered a hearty vote of thanks, the motion being made by the Secretary of the Kiwanis Club, the latter organization having co-operated in many places in Ontario and Quebec in this work.

Lieutenant-Colonel McAmond and Staff-Captain Sparks took an active part in the meetings of the day, while the Band and Songsters added their quota to make the gatherings interesting and impressive. On Monday evening a Musical Festival was held, with visiting Officers taking part, and a most interesting program was arranged. Ensign and Mrs. Foster are in charge of the Corps.

LONDON I

Commandant and Mrs. Ursaki

Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor were with us for the weekend. Excellent testimonies were given in all meetings, at all gatherings, which were definitely marked by God's presence. At 5.30 p.m., on Saturday, the Brigadier had supper with the Bandsman, and later conducted a helpful session with them. This was followed by a Musical Festival, for which the audience packed to capacity, extra chairs being requisitioned to seat the crowd. All the items were rendered by the members of the Band and Songsters, which combinations, according to the Brigadier, acquitted themselves well.

Sunday, in spite of swirling snow and biting winds, a day of fine activity. In the Band Sunday, the efforts of the visitors, in the afternoon, were supplemented by impressive testimonies from the Bandsman. Amongst those who took part was a comrade, a convert of three months' standing, who was spending his first Sunday as a Bandsman of London I Corps.

Those who knelt at the mercy-seat in the final meeting witnessed to the securing of the peace which passeth all understanding. Mrs. Brigadier Taylor conducted a meeting with the Home League on Monday afternoon, an attendance of ninety Sunday as a Bandsman of London I Corps.

PORTE COLBORNE
Captain Broughton, Lieutenant Wheeler
We are experiencing blessed times in our Corps. Three hundred gathered in the Tuesday night meeting last week, and on Sunday night two comrades were sworn-in under the Flag.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME"

General Hospital,
Hamilton, Ontario.

To the Editor.—

Dear Sir: Last Sunday morning, December 6th, Hamilton I Salvation Army Band came and gave a beautiful program of music in the Hospital grounds. The music was appreciated by doctors, nurses and patients alike and was very sweet and harmonious. The music was rendered in spite of the cold morning with much soul and expression. I read "The War Cry" each week and have seen requests for news, so I trust this will find its way into your "War Cry." I always look for Hamilton Corps news. This is from the patients of the semi-private ward attached to Ward 1, General Hospital, Hamilton. We do not wish our names printed, but you can mention the "Musical Four" of Ward 1. God bless you.

Yours truly,
THE MUSICAL FOUR.

"There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one Sinner that repenteth"

YORKVILLE

Ensign and Mrs. Godden

The pentent-form at Yorkville Corps is a picture of the true Christian life-of-the-flame ornament. Not a week passes but some contrite heart finds sweet relief there, and the past two weeks have been no exception to that rule. The Sunday evening meetings conducted by Major Lewis and Ensign Potts were seasons of great spiritual blessing. "Behold the Lord" marked each service, and the seekers for the day totalled five. This energetic pair of Officers also conducted a special meeting on the following Monday night, when two more comrades came forward seeking the "true-blue garments" of which the Major spoke. Ensign and Mrs. Godden were in the bridge fast Sunday. The day concluded with seven adults and nine young people at the Cross. Over thirty comrades assembled at the Women's Hospital, Blooms Street, before the indoor meeting, and ministered by music and song to the participants.

HAMILTON II

Commandant and Mrs. Raynor

On Saturday evening the Home League had charge of the meeting. A good program of song and music was given, a few helpful testimonies read and a short address from Mr. Raynor. The Home League Secretary, Mrs. Axford, piloted the proceedings. On Sunday we were favored with a visit from Adjutant Snow-

HUNTSVILLE

Ensign and Mrs. Luxton

At the suggestion of the Ensign, the Sunday evening open-air service was omitted and comrades went out to their friends to the right and left. The idea proved a success. The meeting proved a wonderful gathering. The Ensign's address was very forcible; singing played an effective part, and four seekers surrendered. We had a good gathering at the Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday, when there was one seeker. The Home League's Annual Study was opened on December 2nd by Mr. Glassop, and proved a decided success in every way. In the evening the Band gave some music. The League is going right ahead. The Winter Campaign has got off to a good start. We have a praying list, and last Sunday night had the joy of seeing three new seekers added to the list. Looking for Christ. Every branch of the Corps is in good condition. Mrs. Ensign Luxton has charge of the Young People's work and advances are being made. Our Band, composed of eight players, is doing creditably.

MONTREAL IV

Adjutant and Mrs. Jones

On a recent Sunday Major Macdonald was with us, assisted by Field-Major Sheard. Inspiring meetings were held and one seeker was registered. We have

Cannon Boomings in Ottawa Division

Good news of the progress of the Winter Campaign continues to creep in from the Ottawa Division, and there is every indication that the Campaign is going to be one of the best.

A report just to hand from Ottawa II (Kings Belchambers) says that new people are beginning to attend the meetings and there is evidence of the returning of many young people, the return of whom came forward during a winter service given by Mr. Draper, an Army friend. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Best were present and led the prayer meeting.

Ensign Alteman is leading on the forces of Ottawa III with good success. Mr. Draper gave his lantern service here also, and fifteen young people rode their stall for Jesus. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Best conducted the following Sunday, a meeting which was well attended with six seekers. Two big helpers, Pipes and Toomey, were surrendered.

Last week end Staff-Captain and Mrs. Best paid their initial visit to Smith Falls, and were gratified to find the open-air services were very attractive and the splendid fighting spirit of the Battalion was a delight to witness. Three adults and five juniors at the present moment are in the ranks, and the Rev. Mr. G. H. Doherty, Salvationist of the old days, came back to take his stand again after an absence of three years from his post. Ensign and Mrs. Friend are well in harness at their new Corps, and there are beginning to move. Come along and help us to make the tabernacle a haven of Manside Inunction. Look to the place that many scores of boys in Ontario look upon as their church—home—are giving valuable and appreciated support to the Einstein in his quest. The Commandant assisted at the weekend meeting, bringing with him to the meetings, five splendid young new Canadians who had just arrived from the Old Land under The Army's care, and were spending their first Sunday in Canada. They were given a hearty welcome.

Captain Feltham, of Perth, tells of the commencement of cottage meetings in connection with the Campaign, and good news can be expected for "War Cry" readers from this quarter of the Campaign grounds.

GOD BLESS OUR SICK COMRADES

To sick comrades and "shut-ins" everywhere—the season's greetings! When tempted to worry because of enforced rest from the heat of battle, remember that the Christ-Child had lowered a stable with His presence. Behold the Lord among the common places of life! He is ever the same and will tarry with the glow of His presence the seemingly idle hours and hum-drum existence of the sick room.

We rejoice to announce that the hand of God has been laid upon our several sick Officer-comrades for good.

Colonel Otway has been removed from the hospital to the home of Adjutant and Mrs. Snowden. The latest reports are encouraging indeed, when it is considered that several weeks ago hope for the Colonel's life were practically at zero.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hargrave continues to gradually increase in strength, though it will be some time yet before he can undertake his duties at T.H.Q.

Major Kendall stepped out of the house for the first time during the past week, and managed to get to the dentist and back again safely.

Certainly one of the year's miracles is the condition of Mrs. Commandant Coy. Though in the grip of such distressing malady, Mrs. Coy has maintained throughout, an optimism, an unshakable trust, and an abounding hope which has proven an inspiration to all who have visited her. As 1925 draws to a close she still clings to the Rock of Ages, bravely trusting for deliverance. Both Commandant and Mrs. Coy desire to express through "The War Cry" their heart-felt thanks for the many assurances of prayerful interest which have been received from comrades round the Territory.

When thinking upon the condition of the fore-mentioned comrades, as well as many others, we cannot but exclaim—"God has been better than our hopes!"

THE SECOND PHASE OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

is from

DECEMBER 9th to JANUARY 8th

THE OBJECTIVE:

Backsliders' Restoration and Linking up of Ex-soldiers.

den. A helpful Holiness meeting was held, the Adjutant's address bringing much blessing. During the afternoon the Adjutant dedicated the twin daughters of two comrades. At the evening meeting one penitent surrendered to God.

TORONTO I

Ensign and Mrs. Boshier

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Dray conducted the services on Corps Cadet Sunday. The Candidates and Corp Cadets took a prominent part in the afternoon. Mrs. Dray's talk to the young people was very helpful. The Staff-Captain's address in the Salvation meeting was full of teaching and a little pray-er-ette was exchanged with two boys seeking the Saviour. Six new Corps Cadets were secured. On December 1st, Mrs. Commissioner Sowton, assisted by Mrs. Colonel Miller, Mrs. Brigadier Taylor, who soloed, and Mrs. Adjutant Wilson, opened the Sale of Works. Mrs. Sowton's words were very much appreciated by the members of the Home League, as was the presence of the other Officers. The stalls were nicely decorated. A "pound meeting" had been held the evening before when many good things were given for the Sale. The Riverdale Band and Singers conducted a good program of music and song in the evening. One hundred and sixty-four dollars was realized. On a recent Sunday afternoon a beautiful sight was witnessed. A comrade who had been a wanderer and had come back to God in the previous Sunday's Salvation meeting, met under the Rock of Ages with his wife and five children to have them dedicated to God. He felt that now Christ had saved him he must bring the children to God, and start to train them for his Saviour.

VERDUN

Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson

Last Sunday the Band took charge for the day. The Holiness meeting was full of help and the afternoon was given over to praise music. In the night meeting one seeker came forward for Salvation. On a recent Thursday night we had with us the Young People from Montreal U., who gave an interesting program. We have already sold 1,200 of our 2,000 Christmas "War Crys."

made a good start with the Winter Campaign; during the last three weeks special Thursday night meetings have been held and prayer has been answered in definite conversions and renewals of sacrifice, with ten seekers added to the fold. A visit from Major and Mrs. Bryce. At the evening meeting they were assisted by Commandant Triekie. We closed a splendid day with four at the mercy-seat.

LISGAR STREET

Adjutant and Mrs. Condie

Corps Cadet Sunday met much to our pleasure and although inopportune the Guardian and her assistant were both laid aside, the Corps Cadets took right hold of the occasion and the services were a means of real definite help. The entire Brigade sang at night, and following Corps Cadet G. Burrows' convincing talk, seven seekers were recorded, the last victory being claimed about 11 p.m.

DOVERCOURT

Adjutant and Mrs. Riches

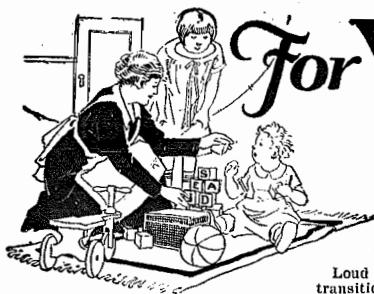
Sunday's meetings were conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Dray. Great thanks were given for the aid of all who had seekers for pardon. In the afternoon the Band was able to cheer the aged mother of Dr. Conboy with some of the old hymns. A feature of the praise meeting was Adjutant Cole's latest composition "In Emmanuel's Palace." This was much enjoyed by the comrades present. Brother Holmes was welcomed to the Band and Sister Bailey to the Songsters. Thank God the fire burns at Dovercourt, and we are proving that He is able to save to the uttermost.

SCOTCH NIGHT AT DOVERCOURT

on NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

SPLENDID
PROGRAMME

RESERVE
THE DATE



For WOMEN

**Who are Interested in
Home and Children**

COMBATING INJURIOUS SYMPTOMS IN CHILDREN

USEFUL AND HANDY

When baking fish, remember to line the pan with waxed paper; then there will be no disagreeably sticky dish to wash afterwards.

If a meat-mincer or egg-beater works hard, put glycerine in the bearings. It is a lubricant which will not taste in the food and is not at all harmful.

When buying apples, pick the heaviest and also test the fruit by seeing if, when pressed with the thumb, it yields with a slight crackling sound.

The Winter Campaign slogan, "EVERY SOLDIER A SOUL-WINNER."

The best way to store apples is to place them among dry hay in a perfectly dry place.

Vinegar water will remove the shine from serge. Use a tablespoonful of vinegar to a tumblerful of water.

At least once a week, and at night, sprinkle the sink with chloride of lime. In the morning scrub the sink with a long-handled brush and pour boiling water down. The chloride of lime removes all grease, both from the sink and the pipe, and acts as a disinfectant.

FOR THE KITCHEN

CRANBERRIES

Cranberries may be canned like rhubarb in cold water. Pick over the berries carefully and sterilize jars. Fill jars as full as possible of the berries and add pure cold water (it is safer to boil tap water and let it cool) until the jars overflow. Adjust and ready to use prepare the berries exactly like fresh ones.

COOKED SAUCE

If you wish to have a canned sauce all ready to use, cook together: two and a half pounds of sugar, 1 cup water, one quarter teaspoon salt. When syrup just begins to bubble add four pounds of cranberries which have been carefully picked over and cook slowly for from five to ten minutes, until berries are soft, but not mushy. Pour into sterilized jars, adjust rubber and cover, partially fasten set in hot water bath and process for twenty minutes. Seal securely and store in dark place.

A QUICK PUDDING

This sauce—or just a bit of leftover sauce or jelly—may be converted quickly into a good dessert by mixing one cup of it with three tablespoons of sugar and adding the beaten white of one egg. The addition of a bit of cinnamon, some ground nuts or coconut furnishes variation.

Loud and startling noises, sudden transitions of all kinds, jolts of the baby carriage, too rapid trundling of the same, and all conditions that may produce fear should be avoided with the greatest care. Also, the child from four months on should be guarded from the fits of anger and rage that are often shown by a strong-willed baby. The mother should watch for these when they threaten, and sidetrack them by some distraction. A child at this age may be lovingly trained to control anger and impatience, should be kept away from temptation to yield to them, and when they appear imminent should have pleasing distractions supplied. Music is one of the best—a few chords on the piano will do wonders in soothing an angry infant. The mother should set herself not to permit the habit-torrows of anger to be formed in the brain, thus making the path easier for them the next time.

At as early an age as the fourth month a child has been found to show disturbance and anxious jealousy at being ignored while another child, or an animal, was petted and noticed. Some young mothers are unwise enough to wish to display how easily the child's jealousy is aroused, and how it appears to covet the mother's attention. Such a display is evidence of nothing but the ignorance of the mother and her thoughtless cruelty.

Jealousy is one of the most unwholesome and injurious emotions to which a baby may be subjected.

One of the most essential factors in the care of the child at this age is that affection and love shall be displayed toward it. The nearer the sixth month approaches the more the baby will show his preference and love, and the more he will respond to love. Miss Maud Ryden says that the love of the mother is more necessary to the child than the ministrations of the nurse.

like him that was! He always wanted others to share with him. This is what, this Christmas, we want our children to do with their joys—to "pass them all the way round."

For all those who do this, whether parents or children, the promise is sure—"The Lord shall open to thee His good treasure."

Let us all make haste to open the treasures which God has bestowed upon us.

OUR KNITTING CIRCLE

CHILDREN'S MITTS

Size 6 to 8 years

Materials: 2 balls of heather wool;

1 set of No. 12 steel needles.

Cast on 48 sts. (16 on each needle)

k 2 p 2 plain for 4 inches, k 2 rows plain, then start increase for thumb as follows:

Row 1—p 1, k 2 sts, p 1, k to end of round.

Row 2—p 1, increase 1 st, p 1, of each of 2 k sts, p 1, k to end of round.

Row 3 and 4—p 1, k 4, p 1, k to end of round.

Row 5—p 1, increase 1 st, k 2 sts,

PRAY

For Ourselves—Matt. 6: 7-8

For Others—James 5: 16

Sincerely—Ps. 17: 1

With Faith—James 5: 15

In the Spirit—Rom. 8: 26

increase 1 st, p 1, k to end of round.

Rows 6 and 7—p 1, k 6, p 1, k to end of round. Repeat these 3 rows increasing 2 sts. every 3rd row till you have 14 sts. between the purls. Now st. the 14 sts on to a thread. On the next round, cast on 4 sts for the hand, join around, and k 26 rows. Then shape hand as follows, k 8 sts, k 9 and 10 tog, repeat around, k 2 rows plain, k 7 sts, k 8 and 9 tog, repeat around row, k 2 rows plain. Repeat decreasing 1 st less each time till only a few sts remain. Draw wool through, fasten securely on wrong side. Thumb. Take the 14 sts on thread on needles, also pick up 4 sts that were cast on (18 sts on needles). K 18 rows then k 2 tog, all round, k 1 row plain. Draw wool through and fasten on wrong side.

Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl; st, stitches; tog, together.

OPENING THE TREASURES A CHRISTMAS HOME LEAGUE CHAT

By MRS. COMMISSIONER KITCHING

I have just been reading again the beautiful story of the Wise Men who, following the star, found Jesus, and worshipped Him. That story tells us that "when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

As Christmas is approaching, my mind is drawn out to the Home League members, and especially to those upon whom as wives and mothers so much depends in making the necessary preparations for a happy day.

There will, of course, be something more than the usual amount of work in getting the home bright and clean. There will be also a certain amount of extra cooking—cakes, plum-puddings, and mince-pies. There will be the decorating of the house, in which little hands will share, the making of paper chains, the fixing up of the holly and other evergreens, and wild sheets of delight as sparkling eyes watch what is being done in the transformation of the home.

Then, on Christmas Eve, when the weary eyes are closed and curly heads are laid to rest, father and mother will commence to wrap up the little treasures, to be placed in due course in stockings or shoes or pillow-slips.

Early the next morning—Christmas Day—what shouts of delight, what

laughter, what clapping of tiny hands for joy, as busy fingers "open their treasures" and examine them. What running from room to room to compare the gifts and make plans for their future use.

Father and mother, in their turn, experience similar joy—the joy of love—as they "open their treasures"—the gifts of their little ones.

Then comes breakfast, to be followed, let us hope, by the happiest day of the year. That happiness, however, cannot be complete without the Family Altar, the song of prayer and praise, the reading from the Bible or "The Soldier's Guide" of the story of the Holy Child Jesus, and the giving of thanks to God for that wonderful gift of Christ our Saviour.

Surely though, the truest and most lasting happiness will come by the exercise of thought for others. Let every mother consider before the eventful day arrives what she and her little ones can do to bring gladness to some poor family, or child, or old person, by some simple act of kindness, such as the making of some little gift of food or clothing or toys. Anyway, there should be something done to encourage the children in practical thought for others, for as they "open their gifts" in this way true joy and blessing will come to them in return.

Some years ago, when my own children were quite little, we were all invited to tea at the Founder's house, where we met our present General's children. On the tea-table there stood near the Founder's place a plate with a few cucumber sandwiches. These were specially intended for him, for he was, I understand, very fond of them. Taking one, he passed the place on, saying, "Pass them all the way round. Let everybody share," and the plate was soon emptied! How

THE WATER HABIT

Make sure that your child early forms the habit of drinking water between meals and especially before breakfast. It is not harmful to drink water with the meal if the child doesn't use it simply to wash down food which should be chewed first, but it is also good for him to drink plenty of water during the morning and afternoon hours. Plenty of water is not only a valuable agent in regulating the system, but is a great preventive of disease, especially colds.

SANDWICH FILLER

Here is a new sandwich filling that will be tasty and healthy for the children's lunch, or for the older people, too, for that matter. One cup puffed rice or wheat, one cup raisins, one cup dates, one cup peanuts, or pecans. Put all ingredients through a food chopper, moisten with mayonnaise and spread on whole wheat or brown bread.

NEW WAY TO USE AN ONION

You often want a bit of onion for salads, but dislike to cut a whole onion for the sake of a few scraps. Keep an onion in a tumbler of water in the sun and cut the tender sprouts as needed. They are delicate in flavor and the new shoots grow rapidly after the first cutting. This plan is especially practical for one who prepares meals for a family consisting of only one or two persons.

GOD CAN

Save—Heb. 7: 25
Uphold—Isa 41: 10
Strengthen—Ps. 27: 11-14
Guide—Isa. 58: 11
Provide—Phil. 4: 19
Teach—Ps. 32: 7-8
Satisfy—Ps. 107: 8-9

HELP US FIND!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, free of charge, for a period of one month. Any difficulty. Address Colonel W. Morehen, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

MEN'S SOCIAL

SEBESTAD, John—Age 22, about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, dark complexion. Last heard of in Ontario in the Fall of 1924; name of town unknown. Brother Harold 15859.

HICKS, Roy—Last heard of on February 13th, 1924. Height about 5 ft. 4 in., dark complexion, brown hair and eyes. Mother enquires. 15843.

HELBORN, Bertrand—Age 36, height 5 ft. 9 in., brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion, engineer (Turner), Native of Whiteworth, Ashton-Under-Lyne, Lancashire. 15811.

MCDONALD, Alex Garfield—Age 45, weight 140 lbs., scar over right eye, gray eyes, light hair, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 11 in. Father dying. 15822.

FORRESTER, Edmund Agnes—Wife about 18 years. Born Jan. 15th, 1914, at St. Mary Los., Canada. Educated at Montreal College as civil engineer and went to sea. His brothers, or their heirs, will hear something to their advantage. They are believed to be living in Canada. 15871.

ARTHUR, Edward George—Age 22, dark hair, brown eyes, height 5 ft. 6 or 7 in. Has tattoo marks on chest was on a ship during War. Heart and dragon on his right arm, clasped hands and name on left arm. Was on S.S. P & O. "Marraboot" as a steward, sailing from London to Australia. May be in Canada. Any one knowing his whereabouts, please communicate. 15871.

MARTIN, Mrs. Lillian D.—Age 45, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, slight scar across bridge of nose. Daughter anxious for news. 15823.

EWING, Robert and Mary Ann—Ages between 55 and 60, Roman Catholics. Last known address Greenbush, Alpena County, Michigan, U.S.A. Half-brother and sister anxious for news. 15743.

O'NEILL, Ernest—Age 40 years, rather tall, slight build, sandy complexion, wavy hair, blue eyes. Fair complexion. 15765.

MERTON—Would Mrs. J. Merton, last heard of in Montreal, communicate with her sister in Newfoundland, also with The Salvation Army, 29 Albert Street, Toronto (2). 15728.

MOIR, Walter James—Age 45 (about), height 5 ft. 6 in., blue eyes, fair complexion. 70-year-old widow. Father Peter and himself. Native of Portsmouth, England. Good news awaits. 15735.

WILSON, Agnes—Came to Canada from Halifax, England, about 1909. Was connected with The Salvation Army in England and possibly also in this country. Native Lily enquires. 15746.

SLOAN, Sidney Allen (female)—Age 41 years, height 5 ft. 2 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Engaged in the millinery and dressmaking profession; English by birth. 15763.

LAMARRE, Jos. Henry Lucien—Age 28 years, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion. Last known address, 110 Belmont Place, Westmount, Montreal. 15665.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL

Please communicate with Lieut.-Colonel DesBrisay, Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

STIRLING, Mrs. Herbert. Last heard of in Edmonton. May have moved to Seal River, byeside, height 5 ft. 11 in. Sister Bell of Port Hope, Ontario, enquires. 15741.

FRANKLIN, Anna—Age 33, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion; missing 15 years. Last known address, 110 Belmont Place, Westmount, Montreal.

GENEROUX, Mrs. Rose Ethel—Age 26, dark hair and eyes, fresh complexion, factory hand, native of Walworth, London, Ontario. Address Vittoria, Ontario. May be married.

PASK, Mrs. Grace—Age 64, medium height was farmer's wife and native of Wishaw, England. May be in Blenheim, Ontario, R.R. 5.

DARBYSHIRE, Mrs. Emma (nee Cook)—Age 31, height 5 ft. 2 in., brown eyes, fresh complexion. Native of Atherton, Lancashire. May go under name of Mrs. T. Joey. Husband and son.

MURRAY, Margaret. May be possibly be married. Age 45, height 5 ft. 6 in. At one time worked at Grafton, Ont., with Mrs. Gilbert. May be in Belleville, Ont. Sister in Ansonia, Conn., U.S.A., enquires.

BEARDMORE, Daisy—Age 23, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair complexion, blue eyes, scar over eye. Came to Canada in 1914 from Nuneaton, Staffordshire, through Dr. Burnside's home. Brother enquires.

MCCARTHY, Mary Kate—Age 28, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown eyes, dark complexion, dark hair, blue eyes. Last heard of in Calgary, Alberta. Mother in England enquires.

THE WAR CRY

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20th, NEHEMIAH 13:1-2. . . . UNDERSTOOD OF THE EVIL . . . AND IT GRIEVED ME SORE."

How do you feel and act when confronted with evil? True Holiness grieves over it, and causes sorrow. On Nehemiah's return to Jerusalem after an absence at the Persian Court he found things as bad as ever. But in God's strength he began again to fight the evil, looking to Him alone for help and strength.

MONDAY, 21st, NEHEMIAH 13:10-19. "COUNTED FAITHFUL, AND THEIR OFFICE WAS TO DISTRIBUTE UNTO THEIR BRETHREN."

"God give me grace to labor in my generation for the good of my brethren even as I did in mine," Dr. Arnold.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed.

The burden of our common need

TUESDAY, 22nd, NEHEMIAH 13:20-31. "WITH THIS SHEATH, REMEMBER ME. O MY GOD."

With this sheath, Nehemiah closes the record of his work for God. He salutes. Amid all its difficulties and responsibilities God, his strength, had never failed him. With courage and perseverance he accomplished what he set out to do.

WEDNESDAY, 23rd, ISAIAH 9:1-7. "UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN . . . AND HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL."

How applicable is this name to Him who came as God's great love-gift to a world at enmity against Him. "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus!" Wonderful in His nature and character, wonderful in His words and works, most wonderful in all in His seeking and saving the lost. Are you allowing Him, day by day, to prove Himself a wonderful Saviour?

THURSDAY, 24th, ISAIAH 11:1-9. "THEY SHALL NOT HURT NOR DESTROY IN ALL MY HOLY MOUNTAIN."

Beautiful indeed is Isaiah's picture of the new earth. "Wherein dwelleth righteousness" (vv. 5-9). When Christ returns, even the lowest creation shall stand in beauty of the righteous reign.

The wild creatures shall no longer fear man or prey upon each other; but shall become so docile and gentle that "A little child shall lead them." And so the love and peace of Eden shall be restored.

FRIDAY, 25th, ISAIAH 11:10-16. "HIS REST SHALL BE GLORIOUS."

To-day we commemorate the coming of the Prince of Peace to bring peace on earth. As a babe the lowly manger was His first resting place, and as the Son of Man He had no where to lay His head. But still the weary and heavy laden He offers rest.

SATURDAY, 26th, ISAIAH 12:1-6. "GOD IS MY SALVATION: I WILL TRUST, IS MY AND NOT BE AFRAID."

Simple and beautiful are the words the inspired God. Far, far east young David, sure of victory, bathed to meet the mighty giant. By faith the Hebrew boys feared not the fiery furnaces and Daniel dreaded not the lions' den. Jehovah was their strength, their Salvation, their song. Relying on Him we too, need fear no evil!

COMING EVENTS

COMMISSIONER
AND
MRS. SOWTON

Earlscourt—Fri., 11 a.m., Dec. 25th.
Dovercourt—Sun., Dec. 27th.

Toronto Temple—Thurs., Dec. 31st (Watchnight Service).

Danforth—Sun., Jan. 3rd.
West Toronto—Sun., Jan. 10th.
Colonel Edby will accompany.

THE FIELD SECRETARY

(Colonel Miller)

Toronto Temple—Wed., Dec. 23rd.
Toronto Temple—Fri. morn., Dec. 25th.

Sarnia—Sat.-Mon., Jan. 9-11th.

COLONEL BETTRIDGE: Danforth. Sun., Jan. 10th.

COLONEL AND MRS. MOREHEN: Mimico, Sun. morning; Augusta Ave., Sun. night, Dec. 27th.

COLONEL JACOBS: Orillia, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 2-3rd.

LIEUT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: London II, Sun., Dec. 20th; London IV, Sun., Dec. 27th; Stratford, Sat.-Mon., Jan. 2-4th; *Sarnia, Sat.-Mon., Jan. 9-11th.

*Staff-Captain Sparks will accompany.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JENNINGS: Lisgar Street, Sun., Jan. 3rd.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE: Hamilton III, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 19-20th; Hamilton I, Thurs., Dec. 31st.

BRIGADIER BLOSS: East Toronto, Fri., Dec. 18th; Bedford Park, Sun., Dec. 20th; Riverdale, Sun., Dec. 27th.

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Toronto I, Fri., Dec. 18th; Mimico, Sun., Dec. 27th; Toronto I, Fri., Dec. 25th.

MAJOR BRISTOW: Essex, Sun., Dec. 27th; Windsor I, Thurs., Dec. 31st (Watchnight).

MAJOR KNIGHT: Haileybury, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 19-20th.

MAJOR LEWIS: East Toronto, Sun., Dec. 20th; Oshawa, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 9-10th; Lisgar Street, Sun., Jan. 17th.

MAJOR AND MRS. MACDONALD: Montreal V, Fri., Dec. 18th; Montreal III, Sun., Dec. 20th; Montreal I, Fri., Dec. 25th.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Springhill, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 19-20th; Parrishboro, Mon., Dec. 21st; Pugwash, Tues., Dec. 22d; Truro, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 26-27th; Halifax I, Thurs., Dec. 31st (Watchnight).

MAJOR RAVEN: Wychwood, Sun., Dec. 20th.

MAJOR THOMPSON: Huntsville, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 2-3rd.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Hamilton III, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 19-20th; Hamilton II, Thurs., Dec. 31st.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Windsor, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 26-27th; Halifax Thru., Dec. 31st (Watchnight).

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPARKS: London III, Sun., Dec. 20th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN CAMERON: East Toronto, Fri., Dec. 18th; Yorkville, Sun., Dec. 20th; Riverdale, Sun., Dec. 27th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN OWEN: Florence, Sun., Dec. 20th; Sydney, Fri., Dec. 25th; North Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 26-27th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BEST: Ottawa III, Wed., Dec. 16th; Ottawa II, Thurs., Dec. 17-18th; Ottawa I, Sun.-Mon., Dec. 20-21st; Ottawa I, Fri., Dec. 25th; Sun., Dec. 27th.

INVESTMENTS

Comrades and friends having small or large amounts available for investment, should communicate with the Financial Secretary, at Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2), Ont. 5c. interest allowed. Smaller amounts can be withdrawn without notice.

All communications and transactions strictly confidential.

ADDRESS ORDERS AND ENQUIRIES TO:
THE TRADE SECRETARY
20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO



The WAR CRY



Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East,
Newfoundland and Bermuda.



Number 2149

TORONTO, DECEMBER 19th, 1925

Price FIVE CENTS

Consternation reigned! Widow Fain started forward, but drew back at the look in the Sergeant-Major's eyes.

"I found him on my doorstep last night, and I'm going to keep him. His name is John James, Junior."

"But Sergeant-Major," said the Captain, puzzled and distressed—"you can't—"

"SHE said to keep him," was the stern reply, "and what SHE says goes."

Everyone recognized the finality of the statement.

"Make out the certificate 'John James, Junior' until I can add 'Thomas' to it, which will be just as soon as Lawyer Grant can fix the papers."

Thus the advent of John James, Junior. How Widow Fain and the League of Mercy mothered the child—how the Corps adopted him as their own particular property—the untiring delight and devotion of the Sergeant-Major are only incidental to our story, although by no means incidental to the process of raising John James, Junior. The Thomas Lumber Company had a new significance for its president.

"Someone to leave it to now," he exulted, as he surveyed the ever-increasing piles of hardwood and cross-ties. The Christmas Eve tryst with Jennie was kept as faithfully as before, but by two instead of one. The kindly face and the gray eyes over the mantle played tremendous part in the life of the growing lad. As he emerged, as most boys do, into Grade School days, a new problem faced the Sergeant-Major.

John's Future

"We need a High School in this town, badly," he reasoned. "Want to keep the boy around here as long as possible. He'll get away to college soon enough," which is the reason why the Williamsport High School was erected, and why so much of the material was donated by the president of the Williamsport Lumber Company.

With the passing of the years, the future of John James, Junior, was a constantly recurring question in the mind of the Sergeant-Major.

"Getting pretty old, now," he mused, as he sat in his office at the lumber company, staring out of the west window from which he could see the corner of the new High School building. "The boy will be going to college next year. Like him to sit in my chair when I'm through, but he's got to make his own decision—a lad ain't raised right who can't make his own decisions."

The Christmas season separated the close of the high school term at which John James, Junior, graduated, and the commencement of the New Year term at —— State University at Alexis. Christmas Eve found father and son keeping tryst by the light of the blazing logs, and the glow of an unseen, but very real presence. Once more the year had been faithfully reviewed—once more the gray eyes over the mantle had smiled encouragement and trust. The Book had been opened and read, and a long silence had filled the room, to be broken at length by the Sergeant-Major who inquired.

"I guess you'll be deciding soon what course you want to take at college, eh, boy?"

"If I have the deciding, I've already decided, dad," was the quiet reply. "It's your decision, boy—it's your decision," was the equally quiet re-

JOHN JAMES, Junior

(Continued from page 4)

joiner.

"Well, then, I want to be a doctor, dad."

There was a long silence in the room of many memories, broken only by the crackling of the logs. The boy

and were filled with hard work and hardly won triumphs for John James, Junior. The reaction of the boy to the college life does not form part of this story. That would be a story in itself. Suffice it to say, that The Salvation Army shield

that was pinned to the lapel of his coat by Widow Fain was not removed, neither was it disgraced. The Sergeant-Major was filled with eagerness for the day when the boy would "hang out his shingle" and when Williamsport would have an honest-to-goodness doctor of its own.



glanced curiously at the gray-haired figure in the red guernsey, and found that the eyes of the old man were upon the picture. Presently a smile overspread the worn features, and a muttered exclamation escaped his lips.

"Well, so be it! SHE says it's all right, and what SHE says goes. It's your decision, boy—yours and hers."

"I hope you're not disappointed, dad," said the boy.

"No, not exactly disappointed, but I'm sure some surprised boy, some surprised—but then you've been a surprise ever since the day God sent you to me. Never thought of you being a doctor! You must have been doing some thinking, boy!"

"Yes, dad," replied the boy, "I've been thinking, and I'm thinking a long way into the future, too."

"Into the future, eh. What—but the old man stopped, for it was the boy's eyes that were now fastened upon the picture."

The college years sped rapidly by,

enough as a business—but a Doctor, well, that's different, somehow."

The Williamsport Corps, too, during the years that Doctor Jack was at school, had grown out of its old clothes. The old store on Main Street had given place to an imposing red brick Citadel. Silver-plated Band instruments shone on the platform. An Adjutant now graced the platform. The League of Mercy was now an organization with many activities. Widow Fain still retained her "corner," but other hands now guided the destinies of the League of which she was the founder in Williamsport.

The Corps had turned out in full force to welcome Dr. Jack home again, and the Christmas morning service was full of holy joy.

"A word from Dr. Jack," said the Adjutant, and this was evidently the signal for which these loving and loyal hearts had waited. Was he not "their own?" Didn't the League of Mercy "raise" him?

"I thank you for your welcome home," said the Doctor, "and I suppose you have been wondering what I intend to do with my life, now that the school days are over. Well, I wondered myself for quite a long time. But I have come to a decision—and I wanted that you, my comrades of this Corps, should hear that decision to-day. I have not even told the Sergeant-Major what I am about to tell you."

There was a silence in the Citadel. Eager eyes looked into the face of the square-shouldered young man who stood upon the platform. Widow Fain leaned forward and cupped her ear with a trembling hand. The Sergeant-Major sat in silence, his eyes upon

the boy.

Called for Service

"Friends, I suppose you have concluded that I would be staying in Williamsport, but the more I have thought of the needs of the world outside Williamsport, and beyond America, the more I have been led to the conclusion that I should offer my life to the Army for service in the foreign field—China—Java—anywhere, where the need is greatest."

Again a silence, broken by a choking sob from the League of Mercy corner, and the strides of the Sergeant-Major as he crossed the platform and flung his arm around the shoulder of the boy. The voice of the old man was husky with emotion as he faced the audience and said.

"SHE told me to keep him. SHE told me to keep him."

For the second time in his life John James, Junior, had upset the Christmas morning service of the Williamsport Corps.

When in doubt, pray! The Adjutant had long ago learned that lesson, and it stood him in good stead at that time.

"Shall we bow our heads and pray?" he suggested. This seemed to be the only thing to do at that moment, and as the sound of his "amen" died away, the voice of the Sergeant-Major was heard repeating the words, in reverent monotone—"For unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given."

The Winter Campaign slogan, "EVERY SOLDIER A SOUL WINNER."